THE

Diſtreſt Mother.

A

TRAGEDY.

THE

Unhappy Mother.

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HARVARD
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

in *Drury-Lane.*

BY

Her MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. *PHILIPS.*

LONDON:

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To Her GRACE

THE

Dutchess of *Montague.*

MADAM,

THIS Tragedy, which I do my self the Honour to dedicate to Your GRACE, is formed upon an Original, which passes for the most finished Piece in this kind of Writing that has ever been produced in the *French* Language. The principal Action and main Distress of the Play is of such a Nature, as seems more immediately to claim the Patronage of a

Lady: And, when I consider the great and shining Characters of Antiquity that are celebrated in it, I am naturally directed to inscribe it to a Person, whose Illustrious Father has, by a long Series of glorious Actions, (for the Service of his Country and in Defence of the Liberties of *Europe*) not only surpassed the Generals of his own Time, but equalled the greatest Heroes of former Ages. The Name of *Hector* could not be more terrible to the *Greeks*, than that of the Duke of *Marlborough* has been to the *French*.

The refined Taste You are known to have in all Entertainments for the Diversion of the Publick, and the peculiar Life and Ornament Your Presence gives to all Assemblies, was no small Motive to determine me in the Choice of my Patroness. The Charms that shine out in the Person of Your GRACE, may convince every one that there

there is nothing unnatural in the Power which is ascribed to the Beauty of *Andromache*.

The strict Regard I have had to Decency and good Manners throughout this Work is the greatest Merit I pretend to plead in Favour of my Presumption; and is, I am sensible, the only Argument that can recommend it most effectually to Your Protection.

I am with the greatest Respect,

MADAM,

Your GRACE's *most Humble,*

and most Obedient Servant,

Ambr. Philips.

THE PREFACE.

IN all the Works of Genius and Invention, whether in Verſe or Proſe, there are in general but two Manners of Style; the one ſimple, natural and eaſie; the other ſwelling, forced, and unnatural. An injudicious Affectation of Sublimity is what has betrayed a great many Authors into the latter; not conſidering that real Greatneſs in Writing, as well as in Manners, conſiſts in an unaffected Simplicity. The true Sublime does not lie in ſtrained Metaphors and the Pomp of Words; but riſes out of noble Sentiments and ſtrong Images of Nature; which will always appear the more conſpicuous, when the Language does not ſwell to hide and overſhadow them.

Theſe are the Conſiderations, that have induced me to write this Tragedy in a Style very different from what has been uſually practiſed amongſt us in Poems of this Nature. I have had the Advantage to Copy after a very great Maſter, whoſe Writings are deſervedly admired in all Parts of *Europe*, and whoſe Excellencies are too well known to the Men of Letters in this Nation, to ſtand in need of any farther Diſcovery of them here. If I have been able to keep up to the Beauties of Monſieur *de Racine* in my Attempt, and to do him no Prejudice in the Liberties I have taken frequently to vary from ſo great a Poet, I ſhall have no Reaſon to be diſſatisfied with the Labour it has coſt me to bring the compleateſt of his Works upon the *Engliſh* Stage.

I ſhall trouble my Reader no farther, than to give him ſome ſhort Hints relating to this Play from the Preface of the *French* Author. The following Lines of *Virgil* mark out the Scene, the Action, and the four principal Actors in this Tragedy, together with their diſtinct Characters; excepting that of *Hermione*, whoſe Rage and Jealouſie is ſufficiently painted out in the *Andromache* of *Euripides*.

Littoraque Epiri legimus, portuque ſubimus

The PREFACE.

Sollemnes tum fortè dapes, & triſtia dona
Libabat cineri Andromache, Manesque vocabat
Hectoreum ad tumulum, viridi quem cespite inanem,
Et geminas, causam lachrymis, sacraverat Aras——
Dejecit vultum, & demissâ voce locuta est:
O Felix una ante alias Priameia Virgo,
Hostilem ad tumulum, Trojæ sub mœnibus altis
Jussa mori! quæ sortitus non pertulit ullos,
Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile.
Nos Patriâ incensâ, diversa per æquora vectæ,
Stirpis Achilleæ fastus, Juvenemque superbum
Servitio enixæ tulimus, qui deinde secutus
Ledæam Hermionem, Lacedæmonioſque hymenæos——
Ast illum ereptæ magno inflammatus amore
Conjugis, & scelerum furiis agitatus Orestes
Excipit incautum patriasque obtruncat ad Aras.

Virg. Æn. lib. 3.

The great Concern of *Andromache* in the *Greek* Poet, is for the Life of *Molossus*, a Son she had by *Pyrrhus*. But it is more conformable to the general Notion we form of that Princess, at this great Distance of Time, to represent her as the Disconsolate Widow of *Hector*, and to suppose her the Mother only of *Astyanax*. Considered in this Light, no doubt, she moves our Compassion much more effectually, than she could be imagined to do in any Distress for a Son by a Second Husband.

In Order to bring about this beautiful Incident, so necessary to heighten in *Andromache* the Character of a tender Mother, an affectionate Wife, and a Widow full of Veneration for the Memory of her deceased Husband; the Life of *Astyanax* is indeed a little prolonged beyond the Term fixed to it by the general Consent of the Ancient Authours. But so long as there is nothing improbable in the Supposition, a judicious Critick will always be pleased, when he finds a Matter of Fact (especially so far removed into the dark and fabulous Ages) falsified, for the Embellishment of a whole Poem.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. *STEELE.*

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS.*

SINCE Fancy of it ſelf is looſe and vain,
The wiſe by Rules, that airy Power reſtrain;
They think thoſe Writers mad, who at their Eaſe
Convey this Houſe and Audience where they pleaſe;
Who Nature's ſtated Diſtances confound,
And make this Spot all Soils the Sun goes round:
'Tis nothing, when a fancy'd Scene's in view,
To skip from Covent-Garden *to* Peru.
But Shakeſpear's *ſelf tranſgreſs'd; and ſhall each Elf,*
Each Pigmy Genius, quote Great Shakeſpear's *ſelf!*
What Critick dares preſcribe what's juſt and fit,
Or mark out Limits for ſuch boundleſs Wit!
Shakeſpear *could travel thro' Earth, Sea and Air,*
And paint out all the Powers and Wonders there.
In barren Deſarts he makes Nature ſmile,
And gives us Feaſts in his Enchanted Iſle.
Our Author does his feeble Force confeſs,
Nor dares pretend ſuch Merit to tranſgreſs;
Does not ſuch ſhining Gifts of Genius ſhare,
And therefore makes Propriety his Care.
Your Treat with ſtudy'd Decency he ſerves;
Not only Rules of Time and Place preſerves,
But ſtrives to keep his Characters intire,
With French *Correctneſs and with* Britiſh *Fire.*

This

PROLOGUE.

This Piece presented in a Foreign Tongue,
When France *was Glorious, and her Monarch young,*
A hundred times a crowded Audience drew;
A hundred times repeated, still 'twas new.
Pyrrhus *provok'd, to no wild Rants betray'd,*
Resents his generous Love so ill repay'd;
Does like a Man resent, a Prince upbraid.
His Sentiments confess a Royal Mind,
Nor is he known a King from Guards behind.
Injur'd Hermione *demands Relief;*
But not from heavy Narratives of Grief:
In conscious Majesty her Pride is shewn;
Born to avenge her Wrongs, but not bemoan.
Andromache——*If in our Author's Lines,*
As in the great Original, she shines,
Nothing but from Barbarity she fears.
Attend with Silence; you'll applaud with Tears.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Pyrrhus, The Son of *Achilles*, and King of *Epirus*, in Love with *Andromache*, but betroth'd to *Hermione*.	Mr. *Booth*.
Phœnix, Counſellor to *Pyrrhus*.	Mr. *Bowman*.
Oreſtes, the Son of *Agamemnon*, Ambaſſador from the *Greeks* to *Pyrrhus*, in Love with *Hermione*.	Mr. *Powell*.
Pylades, Friend to *Oreſtes*, ſeparated from him in a Storm, driven on the Coaſts of *Epirus*, and detain'd by contrary Winds in the Court of *Pyrrhus*.	Mr. *Mills*.

WOMEN.

Andromache, *Hector*'s Widow, Captive to *Pyrrhus*, and Mother to *Aſtyanax*.	Mrs. *Oldfield*.
Cephiſa, Confidante to *Andromache*.	Mrs. *Knight*.
Hermione, Daughter to *Menelaus* and *Helen*, betrothed to *Pyrrhus*.	Mrs. *Porter*.
Cleone, Confidante to *Hermione*.	Mrs. *Cox*.

Attendants to Pyrrhus *and* Oreſtes, *&c.*

The SCENE *a great Hall in the Court of* Pyrrhus *at* Buthrotos, *the Capital City of* Epirus.

THE

THE Diſtreſt Mother.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Oreſtes *and* Pylades.

ORESTES.

O *Pylades* ! What's Life without a Friend !
At Sight of thee my gloomy Soul clears up ;
My Hopes revive, and Gladneſs dawns within me.
After an Abſence of ſix tedious Moons,
How could I hope to find my *Pylades* ;
My Joy, my Comfort ! on this fatal Shore ?
Even in the Court of *Pyrrhus* ? in theſe Realms,
Theſe hated Realms, ſo croſs to all my Wiſhes.
Oh, my brave Friend ! may no blind Stroke of Fate
Divide us more, and tear me from my ſelf.
Pyl. O Prince ! O, my *Oreſtes* ! O, my Friend ! ——
Thus let me ſpeak the Welcome of my Heart. [*Embracing.*
Since I have gain'd this unexpected Meeting,
Bleſt be the Powers, who barr'd my Way to *Greece*,
And kept me here ! e'er ſince th' unhappy Day,

When warring Winds (*Epirus* full in View)
Sunder'd our Barks on the loud, ſtormy Main.
Oreſt. It was, indeed, a Morning full of Horror!
Pyl. A Thouſand boading Cares have rack'd my Soul
In your behalf. Often, with Tears, I mourn'd
The fatal Ills, in which your Life's involv'd;
And grudg'd you Dangers, which I could not ſhare.
I fear'd, to what Extreams the black Deſpair,
That prey'd upon your Mind, might have betray'd you;
And leſt the Gods, in Pity to your Woes,
Should hear your Pray'rs, and take the Life you loath'd.
But now with Joy I ſee you!—— The Retinue
And numerous Followers, that ſurround you here,
Speak better Fortunes, and a Mind diſpos'd
To reliſh Life.
Oreſt. Alas! my Friend, who knows
The Deſtiny, to which I ſtand reſerv'd!
I come in ſearch of an inhuman Fair;
And live or dye, as ſhe decrees my Fate.
Pyl. You much ſurprize me, Prince!—I thought you cur'd
Of your unpity'd, unſucceſsful Paſſion.
Why, in *Epirus*, ſhou'd you hope to find
Hermione leſs cruel, than at *Sparta*?
I thought her Pride, and the diſdainful manner,
In which ſhe treated all your conſtant Suff'rings,
Had broke your Fetters, and aſſur'd your Freedom:
Aſham'd of your Repulſe, and ſlighted Vows,
You hated her; you talk'd of her no more.
Prince you deceiv'd me.
Oreſt. I deceiv'd my ſelf.
Do not upbraid the Unhappy Man, that loves thee.
Thou know'ſt, I never hid my Paſſion from thee:
Thou ſaw'ſt it in its Birth, and in its Progreſs.
And when at laſt the hoary King, her Father,
Great *Menelaus*, gave away his Daughter,
His lovely Daughter, to this happy *Pyrrhus*,
The Avenger of his Wrongs; thou ſaw'ſt my Grief,

My

My Torture, my Deſpair; and how I dragg'd,
From Sea to Sea, a heavy Chain of Woes.
O, *Pylades!* my Heart has bled within me,
To ſee thee, preſt with Sorrows not thy own,
Still wandring with me, like a baniſh'd Man;
Watchful, and anxious for thy wretched Friend,
To temper the wild Tranſports of my Mind,
And ſave me from my ſelf.

Pyl. Why thus unkind?
Why will you envy me the pleaſing Tasks
Of generous Love and ſympathizing Friendſhip?

Oreſt. Thou Miracle of Truth! — But hear me on.
When, in the midſt of my diſaſtrous Fate,
I thought, how the Divine *Hermione*,
Deaf to my Vows, regardleſs of my Plaints,
Gave up her ſelf, in all her Charms, to *Pyrrhus*;
Thou may'ſt remember, I abhorr'd her Name,
Strove to forget her, and repay her Scorn.
I made my Friends, and even my ſelf, believe
My Soul was freed. Alas! I did not ſee,
That all the Malice of my Heart was Love.
Triumphing thus, and yet a Captive ſtill,
In *Greece* I landed: And in *Greece* I found
The aſſembled Princes all alarm'd with Fears,
In which their common Safety ſeem'd concern'd.
I join'd them: For I hoped that War and Glory
Might fill my Mind, and take up all my Thoughts;
And, that my ſhatter'd Soul, impair'd with Grief,
Once more would reaſſume its wanted Vigour,
And ev'ry idle Paſſion quit my Breaſt.

Pyl. The Thought was worthy *Agamemnon*'s Son.

Oreſt. But ſee the ſtrange Perverſeneſs of my Stars,
Which throws me on the Rock I ſtrove to ſhun!
The jealous Chiefs, and all the States of *Greece*,
With one united Voice, complain of *Pyrrhus*;
That now, forgetful of the Promiſe given,
And mindleſs of his Godlike Father's Fate,

Aſtyanax he nurſes in his Court;
Aſtyanax, the Young, ſurviving Hope
Of ruin'd *Troy*; *Aſtyanax*, deſcended
From a long Race of Kings; great *Hector*'s Son.
Pyl. A Name ſtill dreadful in the Ears of *Greece*!
But, Prince, you'll ceaſe to wonder, why the Child
Lives thus protected in the Court of *Pyrrhus*,
When you ſhall hear, the bright *Andromache*,
His lovely Captive, charms him from his Purpoſe:
The Mother's Beauty guards the helpleſs Son.
Oreſt. Your Tale confirms what I have heard; and hence
Springs all my Hopes. Since my proud Rival woes
Another Partner to his Throne and Bed,
Hermione may ſtill be mine. Her Father,
The injur'd *Menelaus*, thinks already
His Daughter ſlighted, and the intended Nuptials
Too long delay'd. I heard his loud Complaints
With ſecret Pleaſure; and was glad to find
The ungrateful Maid neglected in her Turn,
And all my Wrongs avenged in her Diſgrace.
Pyl. Oh, may you keep your juſt Reſentments warm!
Oreſt. Reſentments? Oh, my Friend, too ſoon I found
They grew not out of Hatred! I am betray'd:
I practiſe on my ſelf; and fondly plot
My own Undoing. Goaded on by Love,
I canvaſs'd all the Suffrages of *Greece*;
And here I come, their ſworn Ambaſſador,
To ſpeak their Jealouſies, and claim this Boy.
Pyl. Pyrrhus will treat your Embaſſy with Scorn.
Full of *Achilles*, his redoubted Sire,
Pyrrhus is proud, impetuous, headſtrong, fierce;
Made up of Paſſions: Will he then be ſway'd,
And give to Death the Son of her he loves?
Oreſt. Oh, would he render up *Hermione*,
And keep *Aſtyanax*, I ſhould be bleſt!
He muſt; he ſhall: *Hermione* is my Life,
My Soul, my Rapture!——I'll no longer curb

The ſtrong Deſire, that hurries me to Madneſs:
I'll give a Looſe to Love; I'll bear her hence;
I'll tear her from his Arms; I'll——O, ye Gods!
Give me *Hermione*; or let me die!———
But, tell me, *Pylades*; how ſtand my Hopes?
Is *Pyrrhus* ſtill enamour'd with her Charms?
Or do'ſt thou think, he'll yield me up the Prize,
The dear, dear Prize, which he has raviſh'd from me!

Pyl. I dare not flatter your fond Hopes ſo far.
The King, indeed, cold to the *Spartan* Princeſs,
Turns all his Paſſion to *Andromache*,
Hector's afflicted Widow. But in vain,
With inter-woven Love and Rage, he ſues
The charming Captive, obſtinately cruel.
Oft he alarms her for her Child, confin'd
Apart; and, when her Tears begin to flow,
As ſoon he ſtops them, and recalls his Threats.
Hermione a thouſand times has ſeen
His ill-requited Vows return to her;
And takes his Indignation all for Love.
What can be gather'd from a Man ſo various?
He may, in the Diſorder of his Soul,
Wed her, he hates; and puniſh her, he loves.

Oreſt. But, tell me, how the wrong'd *Hermione*
Brooks her ſlow Nuptials, and diſhonour'd Charms?

Pyl. *Hermione* would fain be thought to ſcorn
Her wavering Lover, and diſdain his Falſhood;
But, ſpight of all her Pride, and conſcious Beauty,
She mourns in Secret her neglected Charms;
And oft has made me privy to her Tears:
Still threatens to be gone; yet ſtill ſhe ſtays,
And ſometimes ſighs, and wiſhes for *Oreſtes*.

Oreſt. Ah, were thoſe Wiſhes from her Heart, my Friend,
I'd fly in Tranſport——— [*Flouriſh within.*

Pyl. Hear!——The King approaches
To give you Audience. Speak your Embaſſy

Without

Without Reſerve: Urge the Demands of *Greece*;
And in the Name of all her Kings require,
That *Hector*'s Son be given into your Hands.
Pyrrhus, inſtead of granting what they ask,
To ſpeed his Love, and win the *Trojan* Dame,
Will make it Merit to preſerve her Son.
But, ſee; he comes!

Oreſt. Mean while, my *Pylades*,
Go, and diſpoſe *Hermione* to ſee
Her Lover, who is come thus far, to throw
Himſelf in all his Sorrows at her Feet.

SCENE II.

Oreſtes, Pyrrhus, *and* Phœnix.

Oreſt. Before I ſpeak the Meſſage of the *Greeks*,
Permit me, Sir, to glory in the Title
Of their Ambaſſador, ſince I behold
Troy's Vanquiſher, and Great *Achilles* Son.
Nor does the Son riſe ſhort of ſuch a Father:
If *Hector* fell by him, *Troy* fell by you.
But, what your Father never would have done,
You do. You cheriſh the Remains of *Troy*;
And, by an ill-timed Pity, keep alive
The dying Embers of a Ten-years War.
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the mighty *Hector*?
The *Greeks* remember his high-brandiſh'd Sword,
That fill'd their States with Widows and with Orphans;
For which they call for Vengeance on his Son.
Who knows what he may one Day prove? Who knows
But he may brave us in our Ports; and, fill'd
With *Hector*'s Fury, ſet our Fleets on blaze?
You may, your ſelf, live to repent your Mercy.
Comply, then, with the *Grecians* juſt Demands:
Satiate their Vengeance, and preſerve your ſelf.

Pyr.

Pyr. The *Greeks* are for my Safety more concern'd
Than I deſire. I thought your Kings were met
On more Important Councils. When I heard
The Name of their Ambaſſador, I hoped
Some glorious Enterprize was taking Birth.
Is *Agamemnon's* Son diſpatch'd for this?
And do the *Grecian* Chiefs, renown'd in War,
A Race of Heroes, join in cloſe Debate,
To plot an Infant's Death?—What Right has *Greece*
To ask his Life? Muſt I, muſt I alone,
Of all her ſcepter'd Warriors, be deny'd
To treat my Captive as I pleaſe? Know, Prince,
When *Troy* lay ſmoaking on the Ground, and each
Proud Victor [illegible]ared the Harveſt of the War;
Andromache and this her Son were mine;
Were mine by Lot: And who ſhall wreſt them from me?
Ulyſſes bore away old *Priam's* Queen,
Caſſandra was your own great Father's Prize:
Did I concern my ſelf in what they won?
Did I ſend Embaſſies to claim their Captives?
Oreſt. But, Sir, we fear, for you and for our ſelves,
Troy may again revive, and a new *Hector*
Riſe in *Aſtyanax*. Then think betimes——
Pyr. Let daſtard Souls be timorouſly wiſe:
But tell them, *Pyrrhus* knows not how to form
Far-fancy'd Ills, and Dangers out of ſight.
Oreſt. Sir, call to mind the unrivall'd Strength of *Troy*;
Her Walls, her Bulwarks, and her Gates of Braſs;
Her Kings, her Heroes, and embattel'd Armies!
Pyr. I call them all to mind; and ſee them all
Confus'd in Duſt; all mixt in one wide Ruin;
All but a Child, and he in Bondage held.
What Vengeance can we fear from ſuch a *Troy?*
If they have ſworn to extinguiſh *Hector's* Race,
Why was their Vow for twelve long Months deferr'd?
Why was he not in *Priam's* Boſom ſlain?
He ſhould have fallen among the ſlaughter'd Heaps,

Whelm'd

Whelm'd under *Troy*. His Death had then been juſt,
When Age and Infancy, alike in vain,
Pleaded their Weakneſs; when the heat of Conqueſt,
And Horrours of the Sight, rouz'd all our Rage,
And blindly hurry'd us through Scenes of Death.
My Fury then was without Bounds: But now,
My Wrath appeas'd, muſt *I* be cruel ſtill?
And, deaf to all the tender Calls of Pity,
Like a cool Murderer, bath my Hands in Blood?
An Infant's Blood?——No, Prince——Go, bid the *Greeks*
Mark out ſome other Victim; my Revenge
Has had its Fill. What has eſcaped from *Troy*
Shall not be ſaved to periſh in *Epirus*.

Oreſt. I need not tell you, Sir, *Aſtyanax*
Was doom'd to Death in *Troy*; nor how
The crafty Mother ſaved her darling Son.
The *Greeks* do now but urge their former Sentence:
Nor is't the Boy, but *Hector* they purſue;
The Father draws their Vengeance on the Son:
The Father, who ſo oft in *Grecian* Blood
Has drench'd his Sword: The Father, whom the *Greeks*
May ſeek even here.——Prevent them, Sir, in time.

Pyr. No! Let them come; ſince I was born to wage
Eternal Wars. Let them now turn their Arms
On him, who conquer'd for them: Let them come,
And in *Epirus* ſeek another *Troy*.
'Twas thus they recompens'd my God-like Sire;
Thus was *Achilles* thank'd: But, Prince, remember,
Their black Ingratitude then coſt them dear.

Oreſt. Shall *Greece* then find a Rebel Son in *Pyrrhus*?

Pyr. Have I then conquer'd to depend on *Greece*?

Oreſt. *Hermione* will ſway your Soul to Peace,
And mediate 'twixt her Father and your ſelf:
Her Beauty will enforce my Embaſſie.

Pyr. *Hermione* may have her Charms; and I
May love her ſtill, tho' not her Father's Slave.
I may in time give Proofs, that I am a Lover;

But

But never muſt forget, that I am a King.
Mean while, Sir, you may ſee fair *Helen*'s Daughter:
I know how near in Blood you ſtand ally'd.
That done, you have my Anſwer, Prince. The *Greeks*
No doubt expect your quick Return.

SCENE III.

Pyrrhus *and* Phœnix.

Phœn. Sir, do you ſend your Rival to the Princeſs?
Pyr. I am told, that he has lov'd her long.
Phœn. If ſo,
Have you not cauſe to fear the ſmother'd Flame
May kindle at her Sight, and blaze anew?
And ſhe be wrought to liſten to his Paſſion?
Pyr. Ah, let them, *Phœnix*; let them love their Fill!
Let them go hence; let them depart together;
Together let them ſail for *Sparta*: All my Ports
Are open to them both. From what Conſtraint,
What irkſome Thoughts ſhould I be then reliev'd!
Phœn. But, Sir——
Pyr. I ſhall another time, good *Phœnix*,
Unboſom to thee all my Thoughts.—For, ſee,
Andromache appears.

SCENE IV.

Pyrrhus, Andromache *and* Cephiſa.

Pyr. May I, Madam,
Flatter my Hopes ſo far, as to believe
You come to ſeek me here?
Andr. This way, Sir, leads
To thoſe Apartments, where you guard my Son.
Since you permit me, once a Day, to viſit
All I have left of *Hector*, and of *Troy*;
I go to weep a few ſad Moments with him:
I have not yet, to Day, embraced my Child,
I have not held him in my widow'd Arms.

Pyr. Ah, Madam! ſhould the Threats of *Greece* prevail,
You'll have Occaſion for your Tears, indeed!
Andr. Alas! what Threats? What can alarm the *Greeks*?
There are no *Trojans* left!
Pyr. Their Hate to *Hector*
Can never die: The Terrour of his Name
Still ſhakes their Souls; and makes them dread his Son.
Andr. A mighty Honour for victorious *Greece*
To fear an Infant, a poor, friendleſs Child!
Who ſmiles in Bondage, nor yet knows himſelf
The Son of *Hector*, and the Slave of *Pyrrhus*.
Pyr. Weak as he is, the *Greeks* demand his Life,
And ſend no leſs than *Agamemnon*'s Son,
To fetch him hence.
Andr. And, Sir, do you comply
With ſuch Demands? — This Blow is aim'd at me:
How ſhould the Child avenge his ſlaughter'd Sire?
But, cruel Men! they will not have him live
To chear my heavy Heart, and eaſe my Bonds.
I promis'd to my ſelf in him a Son,
In him a Friend, a Husband, and a Father.
But I muſt ſuffer Sorrow heap'd on Sorrow;
And ſtill the fatal Stroke muſt come from you.
Pyr. Dry up thoſe Tears: I muſt not ſee you weep:
And know, I have rejected their Demands.
The *Greeks* already threaten me with War:
But, ſhould they arm, as once they did for *Helen*,
And hide the *Adriatick* with their Fleets;
Should they prepare a ſecond ten Years Siege,
And lay my Towers and Palaces in Duſt:
I am determin'd to defend your Son;
And rather die my ſelf, than give him up.
But, Madam, in the midſt of all theſe Dangers,
Will you refuſe me a propitious Smile?
Hated of *Greece*, and preſt on every ſide,
Let me not, Madam, while I fight your Cauſe,
Let me not combat with your Cruelties;
And count *Andromache* amongſt my Foes.

Andr.

Andr. Conſider, Sir, how this will ſound in *Greece!*
How can ſo great a Soul betray ſuch Weakneſs?
Let not Men ſay, ſo generous a Deſign
Was but the Tranſport of a Heart in Love.
Pyr. Your Charms will juſtifie me to the World.
Andr. How can *Andromache*, a Captive Queen,
O'er-whelm'd with Grief, a Burden to her ſelf,
Harbour a Thought of Love? Alas! what Charms
Have theſe unhappy Eyes, by you condemn'd
To weep for ever?——Talk of it no more.——
To reverence the Misfortunes of a Foe;
To ſuccour the Diſtreſt; to give the Son
To an afflicted Mother; to repel
Confederate Nations, leagued againſt his Life;
Unbribed by Love, unterrify'd by Threats,
To pity, to protect him: Theſe are Cares,
Theſe are Exploits worthy *Achilles'* Son.
Pyr. Will your Reſentments, then, endure for ever?
Muſt *Pyrrhus* never be forgiven?——'Tis true,
My Sword has often reek'd in *Phrygian* Blood,
And carry'd Havock through your Royal Kindred:
But you, fair Princeſs, amply have avenged
Old *Priam*'s vanquiſh'd Houſe: And all the Woes,
I brought on them, fall ſhort of what I ſuffer.
We both have ſuffer'd in our Turns: And now
Our common Foes ſhould teach us to unite.
Andr. Where does the Captive not behold a Foe?
Pyr. Forget that Term of Hatred; and behold
A Friend in *Pyrrhus!* Give me but to hope,
I'll free your Son; I'll be a Father to him:
My ſelf will teach him to avenge the *Trojans*.
I'll go in Perſon to chaſtiſe the *Greeks*,
Both for your Wrongs and mine. Inſpired by you,
What would I not atchieve? Again ſhall *Troy*
Riſe from its Aſhes: This right Arm ſhall fix
Her Seat of Empire, and your Son ſhall reign.

Andr. Such Deams of Greatneſs ſuit not my Condition:
His Hopes of Empire periſh'd with his Father.
No, thou imperial City, ancient *Troy*,
Thou Pride of *Aſia*, founded by the Gods;
Never, oh never! muſt we hope to ſee
Thoſe Bulwarks riſe, which *Hector* could not guard!——
Sir, all I wiſh for, is ſome quiet Exile;
Where far from *Greece* remov'd, and far from you,
I may conceal my Son, and mourn my Husband.
Your Love creates me Envy. Oh, return!
Return to your betroth'd *Hermione*.

Pyr. Why do you mock me thus? you know, I cannot.
You know my Heart is yours: My Soul hangs on you:
You take up every Wiſh: My waking Thoughts,
And nightly Dreams are all employ'd on you.
'Tis true, *Hermione* was ſent to ſhare
My Throne and Bed, and would with Tranſport hear
The Vows, which you neglect.

Andr. She has no *Troy*,
No *Hector* to lament: She has not loſt
A Husband by your Conqueſts: Such a Husband!
(Tormenting Thought!) whoſe Death alone has made
Your Sire immortal: *Pyrrhus* and *Achilles*
Are both grown great by my Calamities.

Pyr. Madam, 'tis well! 'Tis very well! I find,
Your Will muſt be obey'd: Imperious Captive,
It ſhall. Henceforth I blot you from my Mind:
You teach me ſo forget your Charms; to hate you,
For, know, inhuman Beauty, I have loved
Too well to treat you with Indifference.
Think well upon it: My diſorder'd Soul
Wavers between th'Extremes of Love and Rage.
I've been too tame! I will awake to Vengeance!
The Son ſhall anſwer for the Mother's Scorn.
The *Greeks* demand him: Nor will I endanger
My Realms, to pleaſure an ungrateful Woman.

Andr. Then he muſt die! alas, my Son muſt die!
He has no Friend, no Succour left, beſides
His Mother's Tears, and his own Innocence.
Pyr. Go, Madam; viſit this unhappy Son.
The Sight of him may bend your ſtubborn Heart,
And turn to Softneſs your unjuſt Diſdain.
I ſhall once more expect your Anſwer. Go;
And think, while you embrace the Captive Boy,
Think, that his Life depends on your Reſolves.

SCENE V.

Andromache *and* Cephiſa.

Andr. I'll go; and, in the Anguiſh of my Heart,
Weep o'er my Child——If he muſt dye, my Life
Is wrapt in his; I ſhall not long ſurvive.
'Tis for his ſake, that I have ſuffer'd Life,
Groan'd in Captivity; and out-liv'd *Hector*.
Yes, my *Aſtyanax*; we'll go together!
Together to the Realms of Night we'll go!
There to thy raviſh'd Eyes thy Sire I'll ſhow,
And point him out among the Shades below.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Hermione *and* Cleone.

Her. WELL, I'll be rul'd, *Cleone*: I will ſee him;
I have told *Pylades*, that he may bring him.
But, truſt me, were I left to my own Thoughts,
I ſhould forbid him yet.
Cle. And why forbid him?
Is he not, Madam, ſtill the ſame *Oreſtes*?
Oreſtes, whoſe Return you oft have wiſh'd?
The Man, whoſe Sufferings you ſo oft lamented,
And often prais'd his Conſtancy and Love?
Her. That Love, that Conſtancy, ſo ill requited,
Upbraids me to my ſelf: I bluſh to think,
How I have us'd him; and would ſhun his Preſence.
What will be my Confuſion, when he ſees me
Neglected, and forſaken, like himſelf?
Will he not ſay, Is this the ſcornful Maid,
The proud *Hermione*, that tyranniz'd
In *Sparta*'s Court? And triumph'd in her Charms?
Her Inſolence at laſt is well repaid.
I cannot bear the Thought.
Cle. You wrong your ſelf
With unbecoming Fears. He knows too well
Your Beauty and your Worth. Your Lover comes not
To offer Inſults; but repeat his Vows,
And breath his ardent Paſſion at your Feet.
But, Madam, what's your Royal Father's Will?
What Orders do your Letters bring from *Sparta*?
Her. His Orders are, if *Pyrrhus* ſtill delay
The Nuptials, and refuſe to Sacrifice

This

This *Trojan* Boy; I ſhould with ſpeed embark,
And with their Embaſſy return to *Greece*.
Cle. What would you more? *Oreſtes* comes in time
To ſave your Honour. *Pyrrhus* cools apace:
Prevent his Falſhood; and forſake him firſt.
I know you hate him: You have told me ſo.
Her. Hate him? My injur'd Honour bids me hate him:
The ungrateful Man! to whom I fondly gave
My Virgin Heart; the Man I loved ſo dearly,
The Man, I doated on! Oh, my *Cleone*!
How is it poſſible I ſhould not hate him?
Cle. Then give him over, Madam. Quit his Court;
And with *Oreſtes*——
Her. No! I muſt have time
To work up all my Rage! To meditate
A Parting, full of Horrour! My Revenge
Will be but too much quicken'd by the Traitour.
Cle. Do you then wait new Inſults? New Affronts?
To draw you from your Father! Then to leave you!
In his own Court to leave you,——for a Captive!
If *Pyrrhus* can provoke you, he has done it.
Her. Why doſt thou heighten my Diſtreſs? I fear
To ſearch out my own Thoughts, and ſound my Heart.
Be blind to what thou ſeeſt: Believe me cured:
Flatter my Weakneſs; tell me I have conquer'd:
Think, that my injur'd Soul is ſet againſt him;
And do thy beſt to make me think ſo too.
Cleo. Why would you loiter here, then?
Her. Let us fly!
Let us be gone! I leave him to his Captive:
Let him go kneel and ſupplicate his Slave.
Let us be gone!——But, what if he repent?
What, if the perjur'd Prince again ſubmit,
And ſue for Pardon? What, if he renew
His former Vows?——But, oh the faithleſs Man!
He ſlights me! drives me to Extreams!——However,
I'll ſtay, *Cleone*, to perplex their Loves:

I'll

I'll ſtay, till, by an open Breach of Contract,
I make him hateful to the *Greeks*. Already
Their Vengeance have I drawn upon the Son:
Their ſecond Embaſſy ſhall claim the Mother:
I will redouble all my Griefs upon her!

Cle. Ah, Madam, whither does your Rage tranſport you?
Andromache, alas, is Innocent!
A Woman plung'd in Sorrow; dead to Love:
And, when ſhe thinks of *Pyrrhus*, 'tis with Horrour.

Her. Would I had done ſo too!——He had not, then,
Betray'd my eaſie Faith.——But I, alas!
Diſcover'd all the Fondneſs of my Soul;
I made no Secret of my Paſſion to him:
Nor thought it dangerous to be ſincere.
My Eyes, my Tongue, my Actions ſpoke my Heart.

Cle. Well might you ſpeak, without Reſerve, to one
Engag'd to you by ſolemn Oaths and Treaties.

Her. His Ardour too was an Excuſe to mine:
With other Eyes he ſaw me then!——*Cleone*,
Thou may'ſt remember, every thing conſpired
To favour him: My Father's Wrongs avenged;
The *Greeks* triumphant; Fleets of *Trojan* Spoils;
His mighty Sire's, his own Immortal Fame;
His eager Love;——All, all conſpired againſt me!
——But I have done:——I'll think no more of *Pyrrhus*.
Oreſtes wants not Merit: And he loves me.
My Gratitude, my Honour, both plead for him:
And, if I've Power o'er my own Heart, 'tis his.

Cle. Madam, he comes——

Her. Alas! I did not think
He was ſo near!——I wiſh I might not ſee him!

SCENE

SCENE II.

Hermione, Cleone, *and* Oreſtes.

Her. How am I to interpret, Sir, this Viſit?
Is it a Compliment of Form, or Love?
Oreſt. Madam, you know my Weakneſs. 'Tis my Fate
To Love, unpity'd: To deſire to ſee you;
And ſtill to ſwear each time ſhall be the laſt.
My Paſſion breaks through my repeated Oaths;
And every time I viſit you, I am perjur'd.
Even now, I find my Wounds all bleed afreſh:
I bluſh to own it; but I know no Cure.
I call the Gods to Witneſs, I have try'd
Whatever Man could do, (but try'd in vain)
To wear you from my Mind. Through ſtormy Seas,
And ſavage Climes, in a whole Year of Abſence,
I courted Dangers, and I long'd for Death,
Her. Why will you, Prince, indulge this mournful Tale?
It ill becomes the Ambaſſadour of *Greece*
To talk of Dying, and of Love. Remember
The Kings you repreſent: Shall their Revenge
Be diſappointed by your ill-timed Paſſion?
Diſcharge your Embaſſy: 'Tis not *Oreſtes*
The *Greeks* deſire ſhould dye.
Oreſt. My Embaſſy
Is at an End: For *Pyrrhus* has refuſed
To give up *Hector*'s Son. Some hidden Power
Protects the Boy.
Her. Faithleſs, ungrateful Man! [*Aſide.*
Oreſt. I now prepare for *Greece.* But, ere I go,
Would hear my final Doom pronounc'd by you.
What do I ſay?——I do already hear it!
My Doom is fixt: I read it in your Eyes.
Her. Will you then ſtill deſpair? Be ſtill ſuſpicious?
What have I done? Wherein have I been cruel?

'Tis true, you find me in the Court of *Pyrrhus*:
But, 'twas my Royal Father ſent me hither.
And who can tell, but I have ſhared your Griefs?
Have I ne'er wept in ſecret? Never wiſh'd
To ſee *Oreſtes*?———
Oreſt. Wiſh'd to ſee *Oreſtes!*———
Oh Joy! Oh Extaſie! My Soul's intranced!
Oh charming Princeſs! Oh tranſcendent Maid!
My utmoſt Wiſh!——Thus, thus let me expreſs
My boundleſs Thanks!——I never was unhappy.——
Am I *Oreſtes?*———
Her. You are *Oreſtes*:
The ſame unalter'd, generous, faithful Lover;
The Prince, whom I eſteem, whom I lament;
And whom I fain would teach my Heart to love!
Oreſt. Ay, there it is!——I have but your Eſteem;
While *Pyrrhus* has your Heart!——
Her. Believe me, Prince,
Were you as *Pyrrhus*, I ſhould hate you!——
Oreſt. No!——
I ſhould be bleſt! I ſhould be lov'd as he is!——
Yet all this while I dye by your Diſdain;
While he neglects your Charms, and courts another.
Her. And who has told you, Prince, that I am neglected?
Has *Pyrrhus* ſaid——(Oh, I ſhall grow diſtracted!)
Has *Pyrrhus* told you ſo?——Or is it you,
Who think thus meanly of me?——Sir, perhaps,
All do not judge like you.———
Oreſt. Madam, go on!
Inſult me ſtill: I am us'd to bear your Scorn.
Her. Why am I told how *Pyrrhus* loves or hates?
——Go, Prince, and arm the *Greeks* againſt the Rebel:
Let them lay waſte his Country; raze his Towns;
Deſtroy his Fleets; his Palaces;——Himſelf!———
Go, Prince; and tell me then how much I love him.
Oreſt. To haſten his Deſtruction, come your ſelf;
And work your Royal Father to his Ruin.

Her.

Her. Mean while he weds *Andromache!*
Oreſt. Ah, Princeſs!
What is't I hear?
Her. What Infamy for *Greece*,
If he ſhou'd wed a *Phrygian*, and a Captive!
Oreſt. Is this your Hatred, Madam? — 'Tis in vain
You hide your Paſſion, every Thing betrays it:
Your Looks, your Speech, your Anger, nay your Silence;
Your Love appears in All; your ſecret Flame
Breaks out the more, the more you would conceal it.
Her. Your Jealouſie perverts my Meaning ſtill,
And wreſts each Circumſtance to your Diſquiet:
My very Hate is conſtrued into Fondneſs.
Oreſt. Impute my Fears, if groundleſs, to my Love.
Her. Then hear me, Prince. Obedience to a Father
Firſt brought me hither; and the ſame Obedience
Detains me here, 'till *Pyrrhus* drive me hence,
Or my offended Father ſhall recall me.
Tell this proud King, that *Menelaüs* ſcorns
To match his Daughter with a Foe of *Greece*:
Bid him reſign *Aſtyanax*, or me.
If he perſiſts to guard the hoſtile Boy,
Hermione embarks with you for *Sparta*.

SCENE III.

Oreſtes, *alone.*

Then is *Oreſtes* bleſt! My Griefs are fled!
Fled like a Dream! —— Methinks I tread in Air!
Pyrrhus, enamour'd of his Captive Queen,
Will thank me, if I take her Rival hence:
He looks not on the Princeſs with my Eyes!
Surprizing Happineſs! unlook'd-for Joy!
Never let Love deſpair! ——The Prize is mine!
Be ſmooth, ye Seas; and, ye propitious Winds,
Breathe from *Epirus* to the *Spartan* Coaſts!

I long to view the Sails unfurl'd —— But, ſee!
Pyrrhus approaches in a happy Hour.

SCENE IV.

Oreſtes, Pyrrhus *and* Phœnix.

Pyr. I was in Pain to find you, Prince. My warm,
Ungovern'd Temper would not let me weigh
The Importance of your Embaſſy; and hear
You argue for my Good. —— I was to blame.
I ſince have poiſed your Reaſons: And I thank
My good Allies: Their Care deſerves my Thanks.
You have convinced me, that the Weal of *Greece*,
My Father's Honour, and my own Repoſe
Demand, that *Hector*'s Race ſhould be deſtroy'd.
I ſhall deliver up *Aſtyanax*;
And you, your ſelf, ſhall bear the Victim hence.
Oreſt. If you approve it, Sir, and are content
To ſpill the Blood of a defenceleſs Child;
The offended *Greeks*, no doubt, will be appeas'd.
Pyr. Cloſer to ſtrain the Knot of our Alliance,
I have determin'd to eſpouſe *Hermione*.
You come in time to grace our Nuptial Rites:
In you the Kings of *Greece* will all be preſent;
And you have Right to perſonate her Father,
As his Ambaſſadour and Brother's Son.
Go, Prince, renew your Viſit; tell *Hermione*,
To-Morrow I receive her from your Hands.
Oreſt. [*aſide.*] O Change of Fortune! Oh undone *Oreſtes*!

SCENE V.

Pyrrhus *and* Phœnix.

Pyr. Well, *Phœnix*! Am I ſtill a Slave to Love?
What thinkeſt thou now? Am I my ſelf again?

Phœ.

Phœn. Sir, This is ſomething; this diſcovers *Pyrrhus*;
Shews all the Hero: Now you are your ſelf!
The Son! the Rival of the great *Achilles*!
Greece will applaud you; and the World confeſs,
Pyrrhus has conquer'd *Troy* a ſecond Time!

Pyr. Nay, *Phœnix*, now I but begin to triumph:
I never was a Conquerour 'till now!
Believe me, a whole Hoſt, a War of Foes
May ſooner be ſubdued, than Love. O, *Phœnix*!
What Ruin have I ſhunn'd? The *Greeks*, enraged,
Hung o'er me, like a gathering Storm; and ſoon
Had burſt in Thunder on my Head; while I
Abandon'd Duty, Empire, Honour, All,
To pleaſe a thankleſs Woman!—— One kind Look
Had quite undone me!

Phœn. O, my Royal Maſter!
The Gods, in Favour to you, made her cruel.

Pyr. Thou ſaweſt with how much Scorn ſhe treated me!
When I permitted her to ſee her Son,
I hoped it might have work'd her to my Wiſhes.
I went to ſee the mournful Interview,
And found her bathed in Tears, and loſt in Paſſion.
Wild with Diſtreſs, a Thouſand Times ſhe call'd
On *Hector*'s Name: And when I ſpoke in Comfort,
And promis'd my Protection to her Son;
She kiſs'd the Boy, and call'd again on *Hector*:
Then ſtrain'd him in her Arms; and cry'd, 'Tis he!
'Tis he himſelf! his Eyes, his every Feature!
His very Frown, and his ſtern Look already!
'Tis he! 'Tis my loved Lord, whom I embrace!——
Does ſhe then think, that I preſerve the Boy,
To ſooth and keep alive her Flame for *Hector*?

Phœn. No doubt, ſhe does; and thinks youfavour'd in it.
But let her go, for an ungrateful Woman!

Pyr. I know the Thoughts of her proud, ſtubborn Heart:
Vain of her Charms, and inſolent in Beauty,
She mocks my Rage; and, when it threatens loudeſt,

Expects,

Expects, 'twill ſoon be humbled into Love.
But we ſhall change our Parts: And ſhe ſhall find,
I can be deaf, like her; and ſteel my Heart!
She is *Hector*'s Widow; I *Achilles*' Son:
Pyrrhus is born to hate *Andromache*!

Phœn. My Royal Maſter, talk of her no more:
I do not like this Anger. Your *Hermione*
Should now engroſs your Thoughts. 'Tis time to ſee her:
'Tis time, you ſhould prepare the Nuptial Rites;
And not relye upon a Rival's Care:
It may be dangerous.

Pyr. But tell me, *Phœnix*;
Doeſt thou not think, the proud *Andromache*
Will be enraged, when I ſhall wed the Princeſs?

Phœn. Why does *Andromache* ſtill haunt your Thoughts?
What is't to you, be ſhe enraged or pleas'd?
Let her Name periſh: Think of her no more!

Pyr. No, *Phœnix*!—I have been too gentle with her:
I have check'd my Wrath, and ſtifled my Reſentments:
She knows not yet to what degree I hate her.
Let us return:—I'll brave her to her Face:
I'll give my Anger it's free Courſe againſt her.
Thou ſhalt ſee, *Phœnix*, how I'll break her Pride!

Phœn. Oh, go not, Sir!—There's Ruin in her Eyes!
You do not know your Strength: You'll fall before her,
Adore her Beauty, and revive her Scorn.

Pyr. That were indeed a moſt unmanly Weakneſs!
Thou doſt not know me, *Phœnix*!

Phœn. Ah, my Prince!
You ſtill are ſtrugling in the Toils of Love.

Pyr. Can'ſt thou then think, I love this Woman ſtill?
One who repays my Paſſion with Diſdain!
A Stranger, Captive, friendleſs and forlorn;
She and her darling Son within my Power;
His Life a Forfeit to the *Greeks*: Yet I
Preſerve her Son; would take her to my Throne;

Would

Would fight her Battels, and avenge her Wrongs;
And all this while ſhe treats me as her Foe!
Phœn. You have it in your Power to be revenged.
Pyr. Yes;—and I'll ſhew my Power!—I'll give her Cauſe
To hate me! her *Aſtyanax* ſhall die!———
What Tears will then be ſhed! How will ſhe then
In bitterneſs of Heart reproach my Name!
Then, to compleat her Woes, will I eſpouſe
Hermione:——'Twill ſtab her to the Heart!
Phœn. Alas, you threaten, like a Lover, ſtill!
Pyr. Phœnix, excuſe this Struggle of my Soul:
'Tis the laſt Effort of expiring Love.
Phœn. Then haſten, Sir, to ſee the *Spartan* Princeſs;
And turn the Bent of your Deſires on her.
Pyr. Oh, 'tis a heavy Task to conquer Love!
And wean the Soul from her accuſtom'd Fondneſs.
But, come:——A long Farewel to *Hector*'s Widow.
'Tis with a ſecret Pleaſure I look back,
And ſee the many Dangers I have paſs'd.
The Merchant thus, in dreadful Tempeſts toſt,
Thrown by the Waves on ſome unlook'd-for Coaſt;
Oft turns, and ſees, with a delighted Eye,
'Midſt Rocks and Shelves the broken Billows fly:
And, while the outragious Winds the Deep deform,
Smiles on the Tumult, and enjoys the Storm.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Pylades *and* Oreſtes.

Pyl. FOR Heaven's ſake, Sir, compoſe your ruffled Mind,
And moderate your Rage!
Oreſt. No, *Pylades*!
This is no time for Counſel.—I am deaf.
Talk not of Reaſon! I have been too patient.
Life is not worth my Care. My Soul grows deſperate.
I'll bear her off; or periſh in the Attempt.
I'll force her from his Arms:——By Heaven, I will!
Pyl. Well; 'tis agreed, my Friend:—We'll force her hence.
But ſtill conſider we are in *Epirus*:
The Court, the Guards, *Hermione* her ſelf,
The very Air we breath, belongs to *Pyrrhus*.
Good Gods! what tempted you to ſeek her here?
Oreſt. Loſt to my ſelf, I knew not what I did!
My Purpoſes were wild. Perhaps I came
To menace *Pyrrhus*, and upbraid this Woman.
Pyl. This Violence of Temper may prove fatal.
Oreſt. I muſt be more than Man to bear theſe Shocks,
Theſe Outrages of Fate, with Temper!
He tells me, that he weds *Hermione*;
And will to-Morrow take her from my Hand!——
My Hand ſhall ſooner tear the Tyrant's Heart——
Pyl. Your Paſſion blinds you, Sir:—He's not to blame.
Could you but look into the Soul of *Pyrrhus*,
Perhaps you'd find it tortur'd, like your own.
Oreſt. No, *Pylades*! 'Tis all Deſign.——His Pride,
To triumph over me, has chang'd his Love.
The fair, the bright *Hermione*, before I came,
In all her Bloom of Beauty, was neglected.

Ah

Ah cruel Gods! I thought her all my own!
She was conſenting to return to *Sparta*:
Her Heart, divided betwixt Rage and Love,
Was on the Wing to take its Leave of *Pyrrhus*.
She heard my Sighs; ſhe pityed my Complaints;
She praiſed my Conſtancy:——The leaſt Indifference
From this proud King, had made *Oreſtes* happy!
Pyl. So your fond Heart believes!——
Oreſt. Did I not ſee
Her Hate, her Rage, her Indignation riſe
Againſt the ungrateful Man?
Pyl. Believe me, Prince,
'Twas then ſhe loved him moſt! Had *Pyrrhus* left her,
She would have formed ſome new Pretext to ſtay.
Take my Advice:——Think not to force her hence;
But fly your ſelf from her deſtructive Charms.
Her Soul is linked to *Pyrrhus*. Were ſhe yours,
She would reproach you ſtill, and ſtill regret
Her diſappointed Nuptials.——
Oreſt. Talk no more!
I cannot bear the Thought! She muſt be mine!
Did *Pyrrhus* carrry Thunder in his Hand,
I'd ſtand the Bolt, and challenge all his Fury,
Ere I reſigned *Hermione*.——By Force
I'll ſnatch her hence, and bear her to my Ships!
Have we forgot her Mother *Helen*'s Rape?
Pyl. Will then *Oreſtes* turn a Raviſher;
And blot his Embaſſy?
Oreſt. O, *Pylades*!
My Grief weighs heavy on me:——'Twill diſtract me!
O leave me to my ſelf!—Let not thy Friendſhip
Involve thee in my Woes. Too long already,
Too long haſt thou been puniſh'd for my Crimes.
It is enough, my Friend!——It is enough!
Let not thy generous Love betray thee farther.
The Gods have ſet me as their Mark, to empty
Their Quivers on me.——Leave me to my ſelf.

Mine be the Danger, mine the Enterprize.
All I requeſt of thee is, to return,
And in my Place convey *Aſtyanax*
(As *Pyrrhus* has conſented) into *Greece*,
Go, *Pylades*———
Pyl. Lead on, my Friend, lead on!
Let us bear off *Hermione*! No Toil,
No Danger can deter a Friend!———Lead on!
Draw up the *Greeks*: Summon your numerous Train,
The Ships are ready; and the Wind ſits fair:
There Eaſtward lies the Sea, the rolling Waves
Break on thoſe Palace-ſtairs. I know each Paſs,
Each Avenue and Out-let of the Court,
This very Night we'll carry her on Board.
Oreſt. Thou art too good!—I treſpaſs on thy Friendſhip:
But oh, excuſe a Wretch, whom no Man pities,
Except thy ſelf; one juſt about to loſe
The Treaſure of his Soul: Whom all Mankind
Conſpire to hate; and one, who hates himſelf.
When will my Friendſhip be of uſe to thee?
Pyl. The Queſtion is unkind.——But now remember
To keep your Counſels cloſe, and hide your Thoughts:
Let not *Hermione* ſuſpect——No more——
I ſee her coming, Sir—
Oreſt. Away, my Friend:
I am adviſed: my All depends upon it.

SCENE II.

Oreſtes, Hermione, *and* Cleone.

Oreſt. Madam, your Orders are obey'd: I have ſeen
Pyrrhus, my Rival, and have gained him for you.
The King reſolves to wed you.
Her. So I am told;
And farther, I am informed, that you, *Oreſtes*,
Are to diſpoſe me for the intended Marriage.

Oreſt.

Oreſt. And are you, Madam, willing to comply?

Her. Could I imagine *Pyrrhus* loved me ſtill?
After ſo long Delays, who would have thought
His hidden Flames would ſhew themſelves at laſt,
And kindle in his Breaſt, when mine expired?
I can ſuppoſe, with you, he fears the *Greeks*;
That it is Intereſt, and not Love, directs him;
And, that my Eyes had greater Power o'er you.

Oreſt. No, Princeſs, no! It is too plain he loves you:
Your Eyes do what they will; and cannot fail
To gain a Conqueſt, where you wiſh they ſhould.

Her. What can I do, alas!—my Faith is promiſed:—
Can I refuſe, what is not mine to give?
A Princeſs is not at her Choice to love;
All we have left us is a blind Obedience:
And yet, you ſee, how far I had complyed,
And made my Duty yield to your Intreaties.

Oreſt. Ah, cruel Maid! you knew—but I have done.
All have a Right to pleaſe themſelves in Love:
I blame you not:—'Tis true I hop'd:——But you
Are Miſtreſs of your Heart: And I am content.
'Tis Fortune is mine Enemy, not you.
But, Madam, I ſhall ſpare your farther Pain
On this uneaſie Theme; and take my leave.

SCENE III.

Hermione *and* Cleone.

Her. Cleone, could'ſt thou think he'd be ſo calm?

Cle. Madam, this ſilent Grief ſits heavy on him.
He is to be pityed: His too eager Love
Has made him buſie to his own Deſtruction.
His Threats have wrought this Change of Mind in *Pyrrhus*.

Her. Doeſt thou think *Pyrrhus* capable of Fear?
Whom ſhould the intrepid *Pyrrhus* fear? The *Greeks*?
Did he not lead their harraſſed Troops to Conqueſt,

When they deſpaired, when they retired from *Troy*
And ſought for Shelter in their burning Fleets?
Did he not then ſupply his Father's Place?
No! my *Cleone*, he is above Conſtraint:
He Acts unforced, and where he weds, he loves.
Cle. Oh, that *Oreſtes* had remain'd in *Greece*!
I fear to-Morrow will prove Fatal to him.
Her. Wilt thou diſcourſe of nothing, but *Oreſtes*?
Pyrrhus is mine again!——Is mine for ever!
Oh my *Cleone!* I am wild with Joy!——
Pyrrhus, the Bold! the Brave! The Godlike *Pyrrhus*!
——Oh, I could tell thee numberleſs Exploits,
And tire thee with his Battels!——Oh, *Cleone*——
Cle. Madam, conceal your Joy.——I ſee *Andromache*:
She weeps, and comes to ſpeak her Sorrows to you.
Her. I would indulge the Gladneſs of my Heart!
Let us retire: Her Grief is out of Seaſon.

SCENE IV.

Andromache, Hermione, Cleone, *and* Cephiſa.

And. Ah, Madam! whither, whither do you fly?
Where can your Eyes behold a Sight more pleaſing,
Than *Hector*'s Widow ſuppliant, and in Tears?
I come not an alarmed, a jealous Foe,
To envy you the Heart your Charms have won:
The only Man I ſought to pleaſe, is gone;
Killed in my Sight, by an inhuman Hand.
Hector firſt taught me Love; which my fond Heart
Shall ever cheriſh, till we meet in Death.
But, Oh, I have a Son!——And you, one Day,
Will be no Stranger to a Mother's Fondneſs:
But Heaven forbid, that you ſhould ever know
A Mother's Sorrow for an only Son,
Her Joy, her Bliſs, her laſt ſurviving Comfort!
When every Hour ſhe trembles for his Life!
Your Power o'er *Pyrrhus* may relieve my Fears.

Alas!

Alas! what Danger is there in a Child,
Saved from the Wreck of a whole ruined Empire?
Let me go hide him, in ſome Deſart Iſle:
You may rely upon my tender Care,
To keep him far from Perils of Ambition:
All, he can learn of me, will be to weep!

Her. Madam, 'tis eaſie to conceive your Grief:
But, it would ill become me, to ſollicit
In Contradiction to my Father's Will:
'Tis he, who urges to deſtroy your Son.
Madam, if *Pyrrhus* muſt be wrought to Pity,
No Woman does it better, than your ſelf:
If you gain him, I ſhall comply of Courſe.

SCENE V.

Andromache, *and* Cephiſa.

And. Did'ſt thou not mind, with what Diſdain ſhe ſpoke!
Youth and Proſperity have made her vain;
She has not ſeen the fickle Turns of Life.

Ceph. Madam, were I as you, I'd take her Counſel;
I'd ſpeak my own Diſtreſs: One Look from you
Will vanquiſh *Pyrrhus*, and confound the *Greeks*——
See, where he comes!——Lay hold on this Occaſion.

SCENE VI.

Pyrrhus, Andromache, Phœnix *and* Cephiſa.

Pyr. Where is the Princeſs?—Did you not inform me,
Hermione was here? [*To* Phœnix.

Phœn. I thought ſo, Sir.

And. Thou ſeeſt, what mighty Power my Eyes have on him! [*To* Cephiſa.

Pyr. What ſays ſhe, *Phœnix*?

And. I have no Hope left!

Phœn.

Phœn. Let us be gone; —— *Hermione* expects you.
Ceph. What do you, Madam? — Break this ſullen Silence.
Andr. My Child's already promiſed! ——
Ceph. But not given.
Andr. No! no! — my Tears are vain! His Doom is fixt!
Pyr. See, if ſhe deigns to caſt one Look upon us!
Proud Woman!
Andr. I provoke him by my Preſence,
Let us retire.
Pyr. Come let us ſatisfie
The *Greeks*; and give them up this *Phrygian* Boy.
Andr. Ah, Sir, recall thoſe Words! — What have you ſaid!
If you give up my Son, Oh give up me! ——
You, who ſo many Times have ſworn me Friendſhip;
Oh Heavens! —— will you not look with Pity on me?
Is there no Hope? Is there no Room for Pardon?
Pyr. *Phœnix* will anſwer you: —— My Word is paſt.
Andr. You, who would brave ſo many Dangers for me.
Pyr. I was your Lover then: I now am free.
To favour you, I might have ſpared his Life:
But you would ne'er vouchſafe to ask it of me.
Now 'tis too late.
Andr. Ah, Sir, you underſtand
My Tears, my Wiſhes, which I durſt not utter,
Afraid of a Repulſe. Oh, Sir, excuſe
The Pride of Royal Blood, that checks my Soul,
And knows not how to be importunate.
You know, alas! I was not born to kneel,
To ſue for Pity, and to own a Maſter.
Pyr. No! in your Heart you curſe me! you diſdain
My generous Flame, and ſcorn to be obliged!
This very Son, this Darling of your Soul,
Would be leſs dear, did I preſerve him for you.
Your Anger, your Averſion fall on me;
You hate me more than the whole League of *Greece*:
But, I ſhall leave you to your great Reſentments.
Let us go, *Phœnix*, and appeaſe the *Greeks*.

Andr.

Andr. Then let me dye! And let me go to *Hector!*

Ceph. But, Madam ——

Andr. What can I do more? The Tyrant
Sees my Distraction, and insults my Tears! [*To* Cephisa.]
—— Behold how low you have reduced a Queen!
These Eyes have seen my Country laid in Ashes;
My Kindred fall in War; my Father slain;
My Husband dragged in his own Blood; My Son
Condemned to Bondage; and my self a Slave.
Yet, in the midst of these unheard-of Woes,
'Twas some Relief to find my self your Captive;
And that my Son, derived from ancient Kings,
Since he must serve, had *Pyrrhus* for his Master.
When *Priam* kneeled, the great *Achilles* wept:
I hoped I should not find his Son less noble:
I thought the Brave were still the most compassionate.
Oh, do not, Sir, divide me from my Child! ——
If he must dye ——

Pyr. Phœnix, withdraw a while.

SCENE VII.

Pyrrhus *and* Andromache.

Pyr. Rise, Madam. —— Yet you may preserve your Son.
I find, whenever I provoke your Tears,
I furnish you with Arms against my self.
I thought my Hatred fixt, before I saw you.
Oh, turn your Eyes upon me, while I speak!
And see, if you discover in my Looks
An angry Judge, or an obdurate Foe.
Why will you force me to desert your Cause?
In your Son's Name I beg we may be Friends:
Let me intreat you to secure his Life!
Must I turn Suppliant for him? Think, Oh think,

('Tis the laſt time) you both may yet be happy!
I know the Ties I break; the Foes I arm.
I wrong *Hermione*; I ſend her hence;
And with her Diadem I bind your Brows.
Conſider well; for, 'tis of Moment to you!
Chuſe to be wretched, Madam, or a Queen.
My Soul, conſumed with a whole Year's Deſpair,
Can bear no longer theſe perplexing Doubts.
Enough of Sighs, and Tears, and Threats I have try'd.
I know, if I am deprived of you, I die:
But, oh, I die, if I wait longer for you!
I leave you to your Thoughts. When I return,
We'll to the Temple: There you'll find your Son;
And there be crown'd, or give him up for ever.

SCENE VIII.

Andromache *and* Cephiſa.

Ceph. I told you, Madam, that, in ſpight of *Greece*,
You would o'er-rule the Malice of your Fortune.
Andr. Alas! *Cephiſa*, what have I obtain'd!
Only a poor, ſhort Reſpite for my Son.
Ceph. You have enough approved your Faith to *Hector*:
To be reluctant ſtill would be a Crime.
He would himſelf perſuade you to comply.
And. How!—wouldſt thou give me *Pyrrhus* for a Husband?
Ceph. Think you 'twill pleaſe the Ghoſt of your dead Huſband,
That you ſhould ſacrifice his Son? Conſider,
Pyrrhus once more invites you to a Throne;
Turns all his Power againſt the Foes of *Troy*;
Remembers not *Achilles* was his Father;
Retracts his Conqueſts, and forgets his Hatred.
Andr. But how can I forget them! How can I
Forget my *Hector*, treated with Diſhonour;
Deprived of Funeral Rites; and vilely dragged,

A bloody Coarſe, about the Walls of *Troy*?
Can I forget the good old King his Father,
Slain in my Preſence; at the Altar ſlain!
Which vainly for Protection he embraced?
Haſt thou forgot that dreadful Night, *Cephiſa*,
When a whole People fell! Methinks I ſee
Pyrrhus, enraged and breathing Vengeance, enter
Amidſt the Glare of burning Palaces:
I ſee him hew his Paſſage through my Brothers;
And, bathed in Blood, lay all my Kindred waſte.
Think, in this Scene of Horrour, what I ſuffer'd!
This is the Courtſhip I receiv'd from *Pyrrhus*;
And this the Husband thou would'ſt give me! No,
We both will periſh firſt! I'll ne'er conſent.

Ceph. Since you reſolve *Aſtyanax* ſhall dye,
Haſte to the Temple, bid your Son farewell.
Why do you tremble, Madam?

Andr. Oh *Cephiſa*!
Thou haſt awakened all the Mother in me.
How can I bid Farewell to the dear Child,
The Pledge, the Image of my much-loved Lord!
Alaſs, I call to mind the fatal Day,
When his too forward Courage led him forth
To ſeek *Achilles*.

Ceph. Oh, the unhappy Hour!
'Twas then *Troy* fell, and all her Gods forſook her.

Andr. That Morn, *Cephiſa*! that ill-fated Morn!
My Husband bid thee bring *Aſtyanax*;
He took him in his Arms; and, as I wept,
My Wife, my dear *Andromache*, ſaid he,
(Heaving with ſtifled Sighs to ſee me weep)
What Fortune may attend my Arms, the Gods
Alone can tell. To thee I give the Boy;
Preſerve him as the Token of our Loves;
If I ſhould fall, let him not miſs his Sire
While thou ſurviveſt; but by thy tender Care
Let the Son ſee, that thou didſt love his Father.

Ceph. And will you throw away a Life ſo precious?
At once extirpate all the *Trojan* Line?
Andr. Inhuman King! What has he done to ſuffer?
If I neglect your Vows, is he to blame?
Has he reproach'd you with his ſlaughter'd Kindred?
Can he reſent thoſe Ills he does not know?——
But oh! While I deliberate he dies.
No, no; thou muſt not dye, while I can ſave thee:
Oh! let me find out *Pyrrhus*——Oh *Cephiſa*!
Do thou go find him.
Ceph. What muſt I ſay to him?
Andr. Tell him I love my Son to ſuch Exceſs——
But doſt thou think he means the Child ſhall dye?
Can Love rejected turn to ſo much Rage?
Ceph. Madam, he'll ſoon be here——Reſolve on ſomething.
Andr. Well then, aſſure him——
Ceph. Madam, of your Love?
Andr. Alaſs thou know'ſt that is not in my Power.
Oh my dead Lord! Oh *Priam*'s Royal Houſe!
Oh my *Aſtyanax*! at what a Price
Thy Mother buys thee? Let us go.
Ceph. But whither?
And what does your unſettled Heart reſolve?
Andr. Come my *Cephiſa*, let us go together,
To the ſad Monument which I have rais'd
To *Hector*'s Shade; where in their ſacred Urn
The Aſhes of my Hero lye incloſed,
The dear Remains which I have ſaved from *Troy*:
There let me weep, there ſummon to my Aid,
With pious Rites, my *Hector*'s awful Shade;
Let him be Witneſs to my Doubts, my Fears,
My agonizing Heart, my flowing Tears:
Oh! may he riſe in Pity from his Tomb,
And fix his wretched Son's uncertain Doom.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Andromache, Cephiſa.

Ceph. BLeſt be the Tomb of *Hector*, that inſpires
These Thoughts: Or is it *Hector*'s ſelf,
That prompts you to preſerve your Son? 'Tis he,
Who ſtill preſides o'er ruin'd *Troy*; 'tis he,
Who urges *Pyrrhus* to reſtore *Aſtyanax*.
Andr. *Pyrrhus* has ſaid he will: And thou haſt heard him
Juſt now renew the oft-repeated Promiſe.
Ceph. Already in the Tranſports of his Heart,
He gives you up his Kingdom, his Allies,
And thinks himſelf o'erpaid for all in you.
Andr. I think I may rely upon his Promiſe:
And yet my Heart is overcharged with Grief.
Ceph. Why ſhould you grieve? You ſee he bids Defiance
To all the *Greeks*: And to protect your Son
Againſt their Rage, has placed his Guards about him;
Leaving himſelf defenceleſs for his ſake:
But Madam, think the Coronation Pomps
Will ſoon demand your Preſence in the Temple:
'Tis Time you lay aſide theſe Mourning Weeds.
Andr. I will be there; but firſt would ſee my Son.
Ceph. Madam, you need not now be anxious for him:
He will be always with you, all your own,
To laviſh the whole Mother's Fondneſs on him.
What a Delight to train beneath your Eye
A Son, who grows no longer up in Bondage;
A Son in whom a Race of Kings revives?
But Madam, your are ſad, and wrapt in Thought,
As if you reliſh'd not your Happineſs.

Andr. Oh I muſt ſee my Son once more, *Cephiſa.*
Ceph. Madam, he now will be no more a Captive;
Your Viſits may be frequent as you pleaſe.
To morrow you may paſs the live long Day.——
Andr. To morrow! Oh *Cephiſa*!——But no more!
Chephiſa, I have always found thee faithful:
A Load of Care weighs down my drooping Heart.
Ceph. Oh! that 'twere poſſible for me to eaſe you.
Andr. I ſoon ſhall exerciſe thy long-try'd Faith:——
Mean while I do conjure thee, my *Cephiſa*,
Thou take no Notice of my preſent Trouble;
And, when I ſhall diſcloſe my ſecret Purpoſe,
That thou be punctual to perform my Will.
Ceph. Madam, I have no Will but yours. My Life
Is nothing, ballanced with my Love to you.
Andr. I thank thee, good *Cephiſa*: my *Aſtyanax*
Will recompence thy Friendſhip to his Mother.
But, come: my Heart's at Eaſe: Aſſiſt me now
To change this ſable Habit.——Yonder comes
Hermione: I would not meet her Rage.

SCENE II.

Hermione, Cleone.

Cle. This unexpected Silence, this Reſerve,
This outward Calm, this ſettled Frame of Mind,
After ſuch Wrongs and Inſults, much ſurprize me.
You, who before could not command your Rage,
When *Pyrrhus* look'd but kindly on his Captive;
How can you bear unmoved, that he ſhould wed her,
And ſeat her on a Throne which you ſhould fill?
I fear this dreadful Stillneſs in your Soul!
'Twere better, Madam——
Herm. Have you call'd *Oreſtes*?

Cle.

Cleo. Madam, I have. His Love is too impatient,
Not to obey with Speed the welcome Summons.
His love-ſick Heart o'er-looks his unkind Uſage:
His Ardour's ſtill the ſame — Madam, he's here.

SCENE III.

Oreſtes, Hermione, Cleone.

Oreſt. Ah Madam, is it true? does then *Oreſtes*
At length attend you by your own Commands?
What can I do —
Herm. Oreſtes, do you love me?
Oreſt. What means that Queſtion, Princeſs? do I love you?
My Oaths, my Perjuries, my Hopes, my Fears,
My Farewel, my Return, all ſpeak my Love.
Herm. Avenge my Wrongs, and I believe them all.
Oreſt. It ſhall be done — my Soul has catch'd the Alarm!
We'll ſpirit up the *Greeks* — I'll lead them on:
Your Cauſe ſhall animate our Fleets and Armies.
Let us return: let us not loſe a Moment,
But urge the Fate of this devoted Land:
Let us depart.
Her. No Prince, let us ſtay here!
I will have Vengeance here — I will not carry
This Load of Infamy to *Greece*; nor truſt
The Chance of War to vindicate my Wrongs:
Ere I depart I'll make *Epirus* mourn.
If you avenge me, let it be this Inſtant;
My Rage brooks no Delay — haſte to the Temple,
Haſte Prince, and ſacrifice him.
Oreſt. Whom?
Herm. Why *Pyrrhus.*
Oreſt. Pyrrhus? did you ſay *Pyrrhus?*
Herm. You demurr?
Oh fly, be gone! give me not Time to think!

Talk

Talk not of Laws——he tramples on all Laws——
Let me not hear him juſtify'd——away.
Oreſt. You cannot think I'll juſtify my Rival.
Madam, your Love has made him criminal.
You ſhall have Vengeance; I'll have Vengeance too:
But let our Hatred be profeſt and open;
Let us alarm all *Greece*, denounce a War;
Let us attack him in his Strength, and hunt him down
By Conqueſt: ſhould I turn a baſe Aſſaſſin,
'Twould ſully all the Kings I repreſent.
Herm. Have not I been diſhonour'd? ſet at nought?
Expos'd to publick Scorn——and will you ſuffer
The Tyrant who dares uſe me thus, to live?
Know Prince, I hate him more than once I loved him.
The Gods alone can tell how once I loved him;
Yes, the falſe perjur'd Man, I once did love him;
And ſpight of all his Crimes and broken Vows,
If he ſhould live I may relapſe——who knows
But I to Morrow may forgive his Wrongs?
Oreſt. Firſt let me tear him piecemeal——he ſhall dye.
But Madam, give me leiſure to contrive
The Place, the Time, the Manner of his Death;
Yet I'm a Stranger in the Court of *Pyrrhus*;
Scarce have I ſet my Foot within *Epirus*,
When you enjoin me to deſtroy the Prince,
It ſhall be done this very Night.
Herm. But now,
This very Hour he weds *Andromache*;
The Temple ſhines with pomp; the golden Throne
Is now prepared; the joyful Rites begin;
My Shame is publick——oh be ſpeedy Prince!
My wrath's Impatient——*Pyrrhus* lives too long!
Intent on Love and heedleſs of his Perſon,
He covers with his Guards the *Trojan* Boy.
Now is the Time; aſſemble all your *Greeks*:
Mine ſhall aſſiſt them; let their Fury looſe:
Already they regard him as a Foe.

Be-

Be gone *Oreſtes*——kill the faithleſs Tyrant!
My Love ſhall recompence the glorious Deed,
Oreſt. Conſider, Madam——
Herm. You but mock my Rage!
I was contriving how to make you happy.
Think you to merit by your idle Sighs;
And not atteſt your Love by one brave Action?
Go with your boaſted Conſtancy! and leave
Hermione to execute her own Revenge!
I bluſh to think how my too eaſie Faith
Has twice been baffled in one ſhameful Hour!
Oreſt. Hear me but ſpeak!——you know I'll dye to ſerve you!
Herm. I'll go my ſelf: I'll ſtab him at the Altar:
Then drive the Poignard, reeking with his Blood,
Through my own Heart. In Death we ſhall unite:
Better to dye with him, than live with you!
Oreſt. That were to make him bleſt; and me more wretched.
Madam, he dyes by me!—Have you a Foe,
And ſhall I let him live?—My Rival too?
Ere yon Meridian Sun declines, he dyes;
And you ſhall ſay, that I deſerve your Love.
Herm. Go Prince, retire home! And leave the reſt to me.
Let all your Ships ſtand ready for our Flight.

SCENE IV.

Hermione, Cleone.

Clé. Madam, you'll periſh in this bold Attempt.
Herm. Give me my Vengeance, I am content to perish.
I was to blame to truſt it with another;
In my own Hands it had been more ſecure.
Oreſtes hates not *Pyrrhus*, as I hate him:
I ſhould have thruſt the Dagger home; have ſeen
The Tyrant curſe me with his parting Breath,
And roll about his dying Eyes in vain,

To

To find *Andromache*, whom I would hide.——
Oh, would *Oreſtes*, when he gives the Blow,
Tell him he dyes my Victim!——haſte, *Cleone*,
Charge him to ſay, *Hermione*'s Reſentments
Not thoſe of *Greece*, have ſentenced him to Death.
Haſte my *Cleone*! My Revenge is loſt,
If *Pyrrhus* knows not that he dyes by me!

Cle. I ſhall obey your Orders, Madam.——But I ſee
The King!——Who could expect him here!

Herm. Oh fly! *Cleone*, fly! and bid *Oreſtes*
Not to proceed a Step before I ſee him.

SCENE V.

Hermione, Pyrrhus.

Pyr. Madam, I ought to ſhun an injur'd Princeſs:
Your diſtant Looks reproach me; and I come
Not to defend, but to avow my Guilt.
Pyrrhus will ne'er approve his own Injuſtice;
Nor form Excuſes, while his Heart condemns him.
I might perhaps alledge our warlike Sires,
Unknown to us, engaged us to each other;
And joyn'd our Hearts by Contract, not by Love.
But I deteſt ſuch Cobweb Arts: I own
My Father's Treaty, and allow it's Force.
I ſent Ambaſſadours to call you hither;
Receiv'd you as my Queen; and hoped my Oaths,
So oft renew'd, might ripen into Love.
The Gods can witneſs, Madam, how I fought
Againſt *Andromache*'s too fatal Charms;
And ſtill I wiſh I had the Power to leave
This *Trojan* Beauty, and be juſt to you.
Diſcharge your Anger on this perjur'd Man;
For I abhor my Crime: and ſhould be pleas'd
To hear you ſpeak your Wrongs aloud. No Terms,

Condemned (34)

No Bitterneſs of Wrath, nor keen Reproach,
Will equal Half the Upbraidings of my Heart.
Herm. I find, Sir, you can be ſincere: You ſcorn
To act your Crimes with Fear like other Men.
A Hero ſhould be bold; above all Laws;
Be bravely falſe; and laugh at ſolemn Ties.
To be perfidious ſhews a daring Mind:
And you have nobly triumphed o'er a Maid!
To court me; to reject me; to return;
Then to forſake me for a *Phrygian* Slave:
To lay proud *Troy* in Aſhes; then to raiſe
The Son of *Hector*, and renounce the *Greeks*:
Are Actions worthy the great Soul of *Pyrrhus*.
Pyr. Madam, go on; give your Reſentments Birth;
And pour forth all your Indignation on me.
Herm. 'Twould pleaſe your Queen, ſhould I upbraid your Falſehood:
Call you perfidious, Traitor, all the Names
That injured Virgins laviſh on your Sex;
I ſhould o'erflow with Tears, and dye with Grief,
And furniſh out a Tale to ſooth her Pride:
But, Sir, I would not over-charge her Joys.
If you would charm *Andromache*, recount
Your bloody Battles, your Exploits, your Slaughters,
Your great Atchievements in her Father's Palace:
She needs muſt love the Man, who fought ſo bravely,
And in her Sight ſlew Half her Royal Kindred.
Pyr. With Horrour I look back on my paſt Deeds!
I puniſh'd *Helen*'s Wrongs too far; I ſhed
Too much of Blood: But, Madam, *Helen*'s Daughter
Should not object thoſe Ills the Mother cauſed.
However, I am pleaſed to find you hate me:
I was too forward to accuſe my ſelf:
The Man who ne'er was loved, can ne'er be falſe.
Obedience to a Father brought you hither;
And I ſtood bound by Promiſe to receive you:
But our Deſires were different Ways inclined;

And you, I own, were not obliged to love me.
Herm. Have I not loved you then? perfidious Man!
For you I ſlighted all the *Grecian* Princes;
Forſook my Father's Houſe; conceal'd my Wrongs,
When moſt provoked; would not return to *Sparta*:
In hopes, that Time might fix your wavering Heart.
I loved you, when inconſtant: and even now,
Inhumane King, that you pronounce my Death,
My Heart ſtill doubts, if I ſhould love, or hate you.
But, Oh, ſince you reſolve to wed another,
Defer your cruel Purpoſe till to Morrow!
That I may not be here to grace her Triumph:
This is the laſt Requeſt, I e'er ſhall make you.——
See, if the barbarous Prince vouchſafes an Anſwer!
Go, then, to the loved *Phrygian*, hence be gone!
And bear to her thoſe Vows, that once were mine:
Go in Defiance to the avenging Gods!
Be gone! The Prieſt expects you at the Altar——
But Tyrant, have a Care I come not thither.

SCENE VI.

Pyrrhus, Phœnix.

Phœn. Sir, did you mind her Threats? your Life's in Danger:
There is no trifling with a Woman's Rage.
The *Greeks*, that ſwarm about the Court, all hate you;
Will treat you as their Country's Enemy;
And joyn in her Revenge: Beſides, *Oreſtes*
Still Loves her to Diſtraction: Sir, I beg——I.
Pyr. How! *Phœnix*:——ſhould I fear a Woman's Threats?
A nobler Paſſion takes up all my Thought:
I muſt prepare to meet *Adromache*.
Do thou place all my Guards about her Son:
If he be ſafe, *Pyrrhus* is free from Fear.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Phœnix, alone.

Oh *Pyrrhus!* Oh, what Pity 'tis, the Gods,
Who fill'd thy Soul with every kingly Virtue,
Formed thee for Empire and conſummate Greatneſs,
Should leave thee ſo expoſed to wild Deſires,
That hurry thee beyond the Bounds of Reaſon!
Such was *Achilles*: Generous, fierce, and brave;
Open, and undeſigning; But impatient,
Undiſciplin'd, and not to be controul'd.
I fear this Whirl of Paſſion, this Career,
That over-bears Reflection and cool Thought.
I tremble for the Event:——But ſee, the Queen,
Magnificent in royal Pride, appears.
I muſt obey, and guard her Son from Danger.

SCENE VIII.

Andromache, Cephiſa.

Ceph. Madam, once more you look and move a Queen!
Your Sorrows are diſperſed; your Charms revive,
And every faded Beauty blooms anew.
Andr. Yet all is not as I could wish *Cephiſa*.
Ceph. You ſee the King is watchful o'er your Son;
Decks him with princely Robes, with Guards ſurrounds him:
Aſtyanax begins to reign already.
Andr. *Pyrrhus* is nobly minded; and I fain
Would live to thank him for *Aſtyanax*:
'Tis a vain Thought——However, ſince my Child
Has ſuch a Friend, I ought not to repine.

Ceph. Theſe dark Unfoldings of your Soul perplex me:
What meant thoſe Floods of Tears, thoſe warm Embraces,
As if you bid your Son Adieu for ever?
For Heaven's Sake, Madam, let me know your Griefs!
If you diſtruſt my Faith——

Andr. That were to wrong thee.
Oh, my *Cephiſa!* This gay borrowed Air,
This Blaze of Jewels, and this bridal Dreſs,
Are but mock-Trappings to conceal my Woe:
My Heart ſtill mourns; I ſtill am *Hector*'s Widow.

Ceph. Will you then break the Promiſe given to *Pyrrhus*;
Blow up his Rage afreſh, and blaſt your Hopes?

Andr. I thought, *Cephiſa*, thou had'ſt known thy Miſtreſs!
Could'ſt thou believe I would be falſe to *Hector*?
Fall off from ſuch a Husband! Break his Reſt,
And call him to this hated Light again,
To ſee *Andromache* in *Pyrrhus* Arms!
Would *Hector*, were he living and I dead,
Forget *Andromache*, and wed her Foe?

Ceph. I cannot gueſs what Drift your Thoughts purſue:
But, oh, I fear there's ſomething dreadful in it!
Muſt then *Aſtyanax* be doomed to dye;
And you to linger out a Life in Bondage?

Andr. Nor this, nor that, *Cephiſa*, will I bear:
My Word is paſt to *Pyrrhus*, his to me;
And I rely upon his promis'd Faith.
Unequal as he is, I know him well;
Pyrrhus is violent, but he is ſincere,
And will perform beyond what he has ſworn.
The *Greeks* will but incenſe him more; their Rage
Will make him cheriſh *Hector*'s Son.

Ceph. Ah, Madam!
Explain theſe Riddles to my bording Heart.

Andr. Thou may'ſt remember, for thou oft haſt heard me
Relate the dreadful Viſion, which I ſaw,
When firſt I landed Captive in *Epirus*.
That very Night, as in a Dream I lay,

A ghaſtly

A ghaſtly Figure, full of gaping Wounds,
His Eyes a-glare, his Hair all ſtuff with Blood,
Full in my Sight thrice ſhook his Head and groaned.
I ſoon diſcern'd my ſlaughter'd *Hector's* Shade;
But, oh, how changed! Ye Gods, how much unlike
The living *Hector!*——Loud he bid me fly!
Fly from *Achilles* Son! Then ſternly frown'd,
And diſappear'd: Struck with the dreadful Sound,
I ſtarted and awaked.

Ceph. But did he bid you
Deſtroy *Aſtyanax?*

Andr. *Cephiſa*, I'll preſerve him;
With my own Life, *Cephiſa*, I'll preſerve him.

Ceph. What may theſe Words, ſo full of Horrour, mean?

Andr. Know then the ſecret Purpoſe of my Soul:
Andromache will not be falſe to *Pyrrhus*;
Nor violate her ſacred Love to *Hector*.
This Hour I'll meet the King; the holy Prieſt
Shall joyn us, and confirm our mutual Vows.
This will ſecure a Father to my Child.
That done, I have no farther Uſe for Life:
This pointed Dagger, this determin'd Hand,
Shall ſave my Virtue, and conclude my Woes.

Ceph. Ah, Madam! Recollect your ſcatter'd Reaſon!
This fell Diſpair ill ſuits your preſent Fortunes.

Andr. No other Stratagem can ſerve my Purpoſe:
This is the ſole Expedient, to be juſt
To *Hector*, to *Aſtyanax*, to *Pyrrhus*.
I ſoon ſhall viſit *Hector*, and the Shades
Of my great Anceſtors——*Cephiſa*, thou
Wilt lend a Hand to cloſe thy Miſtreſs Eyes.

Ceph. Oh, never think, that I will ſtay behind you!

Andr. No, my *Cephiſa*, I muſt have thee live.
Remember thou did'ſt promiſe to obey,
And to be ſecret: Wilt thou now betray me?
After thy long, thy faithful Service, wilt thou
Refuſe my laſt Commands, my dying Wiſh?

Once

Once more, I do conjure thee, live for me!
Ceph. Life is not worth my Care, when you are gone.
Andr. I muſt commit into thy faithful Hands,
All that is dear and precious to my Soul:
Live, and ſupply my Abſence to my Child.
All that remains of *Troy*; a future Progeny
Of Heroes; and a diſtant Line of Kings,
In him, is all intruſted to thy Care.
Ceph. But, Madam, what will be the Rage of *Pyrrhus*,
Defrauded of his promis'd Happineſs?
Andr. That will require thy utmoſt Skill: Obſerve
The firſt impetuous Onſets of his Grief;
Uſe every Artifice to keep him ſtedfaſt.
Sometimes with Tears thou may'ſt diſcourſe of me:
Speak of our Marriage; Let him think I loved him:
Tell him my Soul repos'd it ſelf on him,
When I reſign'd my Son to his Protection.
Ceph. Oh, for a Spirit to ſupport my Grief!
Is there ought more, before you go for ever?
Andr. Oh, my *Cephiſa*! my ſwollen Heart is full!
I have a thouſand Farewels to my Son!——
But Tears break in——Grief interrupts my Speech——
My Soul o'erflows in Fondneſs!——Let him know,
I dy'd to ſave him:——And would dye again.
Seaſon his Mind with early Hints of Glory:
Make him acquainted with his Anceſtors;
Trace out their ſhining Story in his Thoughts:
Dwell on the Exploits of his immortal Father;
And ſometimes let him hear his Mother's Name.
Let him reflect upon his Royal Birth
With modeſt Pride: *Pyrrhus* will prove a Friend;
But let him know, he has a Conquerour's Right.
He muſt be taught to ſtifle his Reſentments,
And ſacrifice his Vengeance to his Safety;
Should he prove head-ſtrong, raſh, or unadviſed,
He then will fruſtrate all his Mother's Virtue;
Provoke his Fate; and I ſhall dye in vain.

Ceph. Alaſs,

Ceph. Alas, I fear, I never ſhall out-live you!

Andr. No more:—Thy Tears, *Cephiſa*, will betray me:
Aſſume a chearful Look: But ſtill remember—— [*Flouriſh*
Hark, how the Trumpet, with its ſprightly Notes, (*within.*
Proclaims the appointed Hour, and calls us hence:
Hector, I come, once more a Queen, to join thee!
Thus the gay Victim, with freſh Garlands crown'd,
Pleaſed with the ſacred Fife's enlivening Sound,
Through gazing Crouds, in ſolemn State, proceeds;
And, dreſt in fatal Pomp, magnificently bleeds.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Hermione *alone.*

WHat have I done? where am I? where is *Pyrrhus*?
Ye Gods! what mean theſe Horrours?—I am undone!
My Soul is on the Rack!—I cannot bear it!—
Why do I wander like ſome guilty Ghoſt?
What brought me to this Place? what keeps me here?
The Court of *Pyrrhus* has no Room for me!—
Do I ſtill doubt if I ſhould love or hate him?
Hard-hearted Man! How unconcern'd he left me!
Did he once ſigh? beſtow one pitying Look?
Once ſhed a Tear? or ſpeak one ſoft kind Word?
Did he ſo much as feign one Moment's Sorrow,
To calm my Griefs, and mitigate his Falſhood?
——Why am I ſtill thus anxious for his Life?
Why do I ſtart at his impending Fate?
Shall he then live; ſhall the baſe Traytor live
To laugh at my Diſtreſs? No, let him periſh!
Be quick, *Oreſtes!*——Execute my Orders!
Alaſs! my Orders? Oh prepoſterous Guilt!
Can I decree the Death of him I love?
Was it for this my Soul delighted in him?
Was it for this I left my Father's Court?
Have I then croſs'd ſo many Realms and Seas,
To murder *Pyrrhus*?——

SCENE.

SCENE II.

Hermione, Cleone.

Herm. Oh, *Cleone*, help me!
What have I done? Is *Pyrrhus* yet alive?
What ſay'ſt thou? —— Anſwer me! Where is the King?
Cle. Madam, I ſaw the cruel Prince ſet forward,
Triumphant in his Looks, and full of Joy.
Still, as he walk'd, his raviſh'd Eyes were fixt
On the fair Captive; while through ſhouting Crouds
She paſs'd along with a dejected Air,
And ſeem'd to mourn her *Hector* to the laſt.
Herm. Inſulting Tyrant! I ſhall burſt with Rage!——
But ſay, *Cleone*, didſt thou mark him well?
Was his Brow ſmooth? Say, did there not appear
Some Shade of Grief? Some little Cloud of Sorrow?
Did he not ſtop? Did he not once look back?
Didſt thou approach him? Was he not confounded?
Did he not —— Oh, be quick! And tell me all!
Cle. Madam, the Tumult of his Joy admits
No Thought, but Love. Unguarded he marched on
'Midſt a promiſcuous Throng of Friends and Foes.
His Cares all turn upon *Aſtyanax*,
Whom he has lodg'd within the Cittadel,
Defended by the Strength of all his Guards.
Her. Enough!—he dyes!—the Traytor!—Where's *Oreſtes*?
Cle. He is in the Temple, with his whole Retinue.
Herm. Is he ſtill reſolute? Is he determin'd?
Cle. Madam, I fear——
Herm. How!——Is *Oreſtes* falſe?
Does he betray me too?
Cle. A Thouſand Doubts
Perplex his Soul, and wound him with Remorſe:

His Virtue and his Love prevail by Turns.
He told me *Pyrrhus* ſhould not fall ignobly;
Pyrrhus the warlike Son of great *Achilles*.
He dreads the Cenſure of the *Grecian* States;
Of all Mankind: And fears to ſtain his Honour.
Herm. Poor, timorous Wretch! 'tis falſe! he baſely fears
To cope with Dangers, and encounter Death:——
'Tis that he fears!——Am I bright *Helen*'s Daughter?
To vindicate her Wrongs all *Greece* conſpired;
For Her confederate Nations fought, and Kings were ſlain;
Troy was o'er-thrown, and a whole Empire fell.
My Eyes want Force to raiſe a Lover's Arm
Againſt a Tyrant, that has dared to wrong me:
Cle. Madam, like *Helen*, truſt your Cauſe to *Greece*.
Herm. No; I'll avenge my ſelf; I'll to the Temple;
I'll over-turn the Altar; ſtab the Prieſt:
I'll hurl Deſtruction like a Whirlwind round me;
They muſt not wed; they muſt not live! they ſhall not;
Let me be gone; I have no Time to loſe!
Stand off; with-hold me not! I am all Diſtraction!
Oh *Pyrrhus*, Tyrant, Traitor! Thou ſhalt bleed.

SCENE III.

Hermione, Cleone, Oreſtes.

Oreſt. Madam, 'tis done: Your Orders are obeyed;
The Tyrant lies expiring at the Altar.
Herm. Is *Pyrrhus* ſlain?——
Oreſt. Even now he gaſps in Death.
Our *Greeks*, all undiſtinguiſh'd in the Croud,
Flock'd to the Temple, and diſpers'd themſelves
On every ſide the Altar:——I was there:——
Pyrrhus obſerved me, with a haughty Eye;
And, proud to triumph over *Greece* in me,
From his own Brows he took the Diadem,

And

And bound it on the Temples of his Captive.
Receive, ſaid he, my Crown; receive my Faith;
Mine and my People's Sovereign reign for ever.
From this bleſt Hour, a Father to your Son,
I'll ſcourge his Foes: Hence forward be he ſtiled
The *Trojan* King. I ſwear it at the Altar;
And call the Gods to ratify my Vows.
His Subjects with loud Acclamations ſhook
The ſpatious Dome! Our *Greeks*, enraged, cry'd out
Revenge! Revenge! broke through the thronging Preſs;
And ruſh'd tumultuous on the unguarded King.
Their eager Fury left no Work for me.
Pyrrhus a while oppoſed their claſhing Swords,
And dealt his fatal Blows on every ſide,
With manly Fierceneſs; till oppreſt by Numbers,
Streaming with Blood, all over gaſhed with Wounds,
He reel'd, he groaned, and at the Altar fell.
Haſte, Madam; let us fly! Haſte to our Ships!
They ſtand unmoored: Our Friends attend us there.
Herm. What have they done!
Oreſt. Madam, forgive their Rage.
I own your Vengeance had been more compleat,
Had *Pyrrhus* fallen by me; and had he known,
Hermione chaſtiſed him by my Arm.
Herm. Peace, Monſter, Peace! —— Go tell thy horrid Tale,
To Savages, and howl it out in Deſarts.
Would'ſt thou impute to me thy barbarous Guilt?
Me would'ſt thou make the Accomplice of thy Crimes?
Hence, to thy *Greeks*! And boaſt thy foul Exploits!
My Soul abhors them! I diſclaim the Deed!
Be gone! I know thee not! Thou fell Barbarian!
What had he done? What could provoke thy Madneſs
To aſſaſſinate ſo great, ſo brave a Man!
Who ſet thee on?
Oreſt. Grant me Patience, Heaven!
With your own Lips did you not curſe the Tyrant,
Pronounce his Death, and urge me to deſtroy him?

Herm. What if, tranſported by my boundleſs Paſſion,
I could not bear to ſee him wed another?
Were you to obey a jealous Woman's Phrenzy?
You ſhould have dived into my inmoſt Thoughts:
My Heart, though full of Rage, was free from Malice;
And all my Anger was Exceſs of Love.
Why did you take me at my Word? You ſaw
The Struggles of my Soul; you heard me rave.
You ſhould have queſtion'd me a Thouſand Times;
Yet ſtill have doubted, and ſtill queſtion'd on,
Before you ventured on a Life ſo precious.

Oreſt. Hear me but ſpeak:—Heaven knows, againſt my Will.

Herm. Why did you not return? Why not conſult me
A ſecond Time? And, undetermin'd ſtill,
Again return, and ſtill find new Delays?
What had your raſh, officious *Greeks*, dire Blood-Hounds,
To do with my Revenge? What drew you hither,
To bring on me the vengeful Woes that haunt you?
Are theſe the Fruits of your deteſted Love?
Your fatal Embaſſy, your hateful Preſence,
Drove *Pyrrhus* to my Rival; and deſtroys
Both him and me.——He might have loved me ſtill,
Had you n'er interpoſed.——Avant! Be gone!
And leave me in *Epirus*.——I renounce
My Friends, my Country, *Greece*, and all Mankind:
But chiefly I renounce Thee! Monſter, Thee!

SCENE IV.

Oreſtes.

Am I awake? Where am I? Soft, my Soul:
Be not too raſh.—— Was that *Hermione*?
Why ſhould her Anger thunder againſt me?
Was not this Blood-ſhed all by her Command?
I am, indeed, a moſt outragious Monſter!

A Ruffian, Murderer, a baſe Aſſaſſin!
And all to pleaſe a falſe ungrateful Woman.
Henceforward let the Laws of Nations ceaſe;
And let the Pale, that ſevers Right and Wrong,
Things Sacred and Prophane, be broken down:
Gods in their Temples, Kings upon their Throne,
Are not in Safety, while *Oreſtes* lives.
Oh, never more ſhall my torn Mind be healed,
Nor taſte the gentle Comforts of Repoſe!
A dreadful Band of gloomy Cares ſurround me,
And lay ſtrong Siege to my diſtracted Soul.

SCENE V.

Oreſtes, Pylades, *attended by* Greeks.

Pyl. Haſte, Prince; let us be gone: 'Tis Death to ſtay.
Andromache reigns Queen: She gives the Alarm,
And vows Revenge upon the Foes of *Pyrrhus*.
The People arm and muſter in the Streets:
Our *Greeks* will not be able long to guard
The Palace Gates, and to ſecure our Flight.
We muſt be ſpeedy, Sir.
Oreſt. You may depart,
My Friends:—*Hermione* and I remain.——
Her Cruelty has quite undone me!——Go,——
And leave me to my ſelf.—I'll find her out.
Pyl. Alaſs, unhappy Princeſs!—She is no more:
Forget her, Sir, and ſave your ſelf with us.
Oreſt. Hermione no more!—O all ye Powers!
Pyl. Full of Diſorder, Wildneſs in her Looks,
With Hands expanded, and diſhevelled Hair,
Breathleſs and pale, with Shrieks ſhe fought the Temple:
In the mid-way ſhe met the Corpſe of *Pyrrhus*:
She ſtartled at the Sight: Then, ſtiff with Horrour,
Gazed frightful! Wakened from the dire Amaze,

She

She raiſed her Eyes to Heaven with ſuch a Look,
As ſpoke her Sorrows, and reproach'd the Gods:
Then plunged a Poignard deep within her Breaſt,
And fell on *Pyrrhus*, graſping him in Death.
Oreſt. I thank you, Gods!——I never could expect
To be ſo Wretched!—You have been induſtrious
To finiſh your Decrees; to make *Oreſtes*
A dreadful Inſtance of your Power to puniſh.
I am ſingled out to bear the Wrath of Heaven.
Pyl. You hazard your Retreat by theſe Delays.
The Guards will ſoon beſet us. Your Complaints
Are vain and may be fatal.
Oreſt. True, my Friend:
And therefore 'twas I thank'd the bounteous Gods.
My Fate's accompliſh'd!—I ſhall dye Content.
Oh bear me hence!——Blow, Winds!——
Pyl. Let us be gone.
Oreſt. The murdered Lovers wait me.——Hark! They call!
Nay, if your Blood ſtill reeks, I'll mingle mine.
One Tomb will hold us all.
Pyl. Alaſs! I fear
His Ravings will return with his Misfortunes.
Oreſt. I am dizzy!——Clouds!—Quite loſt in utter Darkneſs!
Guide me, ſome friendly Pilot, through the Storm.
I ſhiver!——Oh, I freeze!——So:——Light returns:
'Tis the grey Dawn.——See, *Pylades!* Behold!——
I am encompaſt with a Sea of Blood!——
The crimſon Billows!——Oh! My Brain's on Fire!
Pyl. How is it, Sir?——Repoſe your ſelf on me.
Oreſt. Pyrrhus, ſtand off!——What would'ſt thou?——
How he glares!
What envious Hands has cloſed thy Wounds?——Have at thee.
It is *Hermione* that ſtrikes.——Confuſion!
She catches *Pyrrhus* in her Arms.——Oh, ſave me!

How

How terrible ſhe looks!——She knits her Brow!
She frowns me Dead: She frights me into Madneſs!
Where am I?——Who are you?——
Pyl. Alaſs, poor Prince!
Help to ſupport him.——How he pants for Breath!
Oreſt. This is moſt kind, my *Pylades*.——Oh, why,
Why was I born to give thee endleſs Trouble?
Pyl. All will go well: He ſettles into Reaſon.
Oreſt. Who talks of Reaſon? Better to have none,
Than not enough.——Run, ſome one, tell my *Greeks*,
I will not have them touch the King.—Now!—Now!
I blaze again!—See there!—Look where they come!
A Shoal of Furies!——How they ſwarm about me!
My Terrour!——Hide me!——Oh their ſnaky Locks!
Hark! How they hiſs!——See! See their flaming Brands!
Now they let drive full at me!——How they grin,
And ſhake their Iron Whips!——My Ears! What yelling!
And ſee *Hermione*!——She ſets them on!——
Thruſt not your Scorpions thus into my Boſom!
Oh!——I am ſtung to Death!——Diſpatch me ſoon!
There:——Take my Heart, *Hermione*!——Tear it out!
Diſjoynt me!——Kill me!——Oh, my tortured Soul!——
Pyl. Kind Heaven reſtore him to his wonted Calm!
Oft have I ſeen him rave: But never thus:
Quite ſpent!——Aſſiſt me Friends, to bear him off.
Our Time is ſhort: ſhould his ſtrong Rage return,
'Twould be beyond our Power to force him hence.
Away, my Friends!——I hear the Portal open.

SCENE VI.

Phœnix, *attended by Guards.*

Fled, to a Man!——*Oreſtes* is not here!——
Triumphant Villains!——The baſe, giddy Rabble,
Whoſe Hands ſhould all have been employed with Fire

To

To waste the Fleet, flocked round the dying Princess:
And, while they stand agaze, the *Greeks* embark.
Oh, 'tis too plain!——This Sacrilegious Murder
Was authorised.——The Ambassadour's Escape
Declares his Guilt.——Most bloody Embassy!
Most unexampled Deed!——Where, where, ye Gods,
Is Majesty secure, if in your Temples
You give it no Protection!——See, the Queen.

SCENE VII.

Phœnix, Andromache, Cephisa, *with Attendants.*

Andr. Yes, ye inhumane *Greeks!* The Time will come,
When you shall dearly pay your bloody Deeds!
How should the *Trojans* hope for Mercy from you,
When thus you turn your impious Rage on *Pyrrhus*;
Pyrrhus the bravest Man in all your League;
The Man, whose single Valour made you triumph.——
Is my Child there?——

Ceph. It is the Corpse of *Pyrrhus*.——
The weeping Souldiers bear him on their Shields.

Andr. Ill-fated Prince! Too negligent of Life!
And too unwary of the faithless *Greeks!*——
Cut off in the fresh ripening Prime of Manhood,
Even in the Pride of Life; thy Triumphs new,
And all thy Glories in full Blossom round thee!
The very *Trojans* would bewail thy Fate.

Ceph. Alass, then will your Sorrows never end!

Andr. Oh, never! never——While I live, my Tears
Will never cease; for I was born to Grieve.——
Give present Orders for the Funeral Pomps: [To *Phœn.*
Let him be robed in all his Regal State;
Place round him every shining Mark of Honour;
And let the Pile, that consecrates his Ashes,
Rise like his Fame, and blaze above the Clouds.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Andromache, Cephiſa, *with Attendants.*

Ceph. That Sound proclaims the Arrival of the Prince:
The Guards conduct him from the Citadel.
Andr. With open Arms I'll meet him!——Oh, *Cephiſa!*
A ſpringing Joy, mixt with a ſoft Concern,
A Pleaſure, which no Language can expreſs,
An Extaſie, that Mothers only feel,
Plays round my Heart, and brightens up my Sorrow,
Like Gleams of Sun-ſhine in a louring Skie.
Though plunged in Ills, and exerciſed in Care,
Yet never let the noble Mind deſpair.
When preſt by Dangers, and beſet with Foes,
The Gods their timely Succour interpoſe;
And when our Virtue ſinks, o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
By unforeſeen Expedients bring Relief.

EPILOGUE

Written by Mr. *Budgell* of the *Inner-Temple.*

Spoken by Mrs. *Oldfield.*

I Hope you'll own that with becoming Art
I've play'd my Game, and topp'd the Widow's Part;
My Spouse, poor Man! could not live out the Play,
But dy'd commodiously on Wedding-Day,
While I his Relict made at one bold Fling
My self a Princess, and young Sty *a King.*
You Ladies who protract a Lover's Pain,
And hear your Servants sigh whole Years in vain;
Which of you all would not on Marriage venture,
Might she so soon upon her Jointure enter?
'Twas a strange Scape; had Pyrrhus *liv'd till now*
I had been finely hamper'd in my Vow.
To dye by one's own Hand, and fly the Charms
Of Love and Life in a young Monarch's Arms!
'Twere an hard Fate——ere I had undergone it
I might have took one Night——to think upon it.
But why you'll say was all this Grief expres't
For a first Husband, laid long since at Rest?
Why so much Coldness to my kind Protector?
——Ah Ladies! had you known the good Man Hector!

Homer.

Homer will tell you (or I'me misinform'd)
That when enrag'd the Grecian Camp he ſtorm'd,
To break the ten-fold Barriers of the Gate
He threw a Stone of ſuch prodigious Weight
As no two Men could lift; not even of thoſe
Who in that Age of thund'ring Mortals roſe:
——It would have ſprain'd a Dozen modern Beaux.
At length howe'er I laid my Weeds aſide,
And ſunk the Widow in the well-dreſs'd Bride.
In you it ſtill remains to grace the Play,
And bleſs with Joy my Coronation Day:
Take then, ye Circles of the Brave and Fair,
The Fatherleſs and Widow to your Care.

FINIS.